★ May 1, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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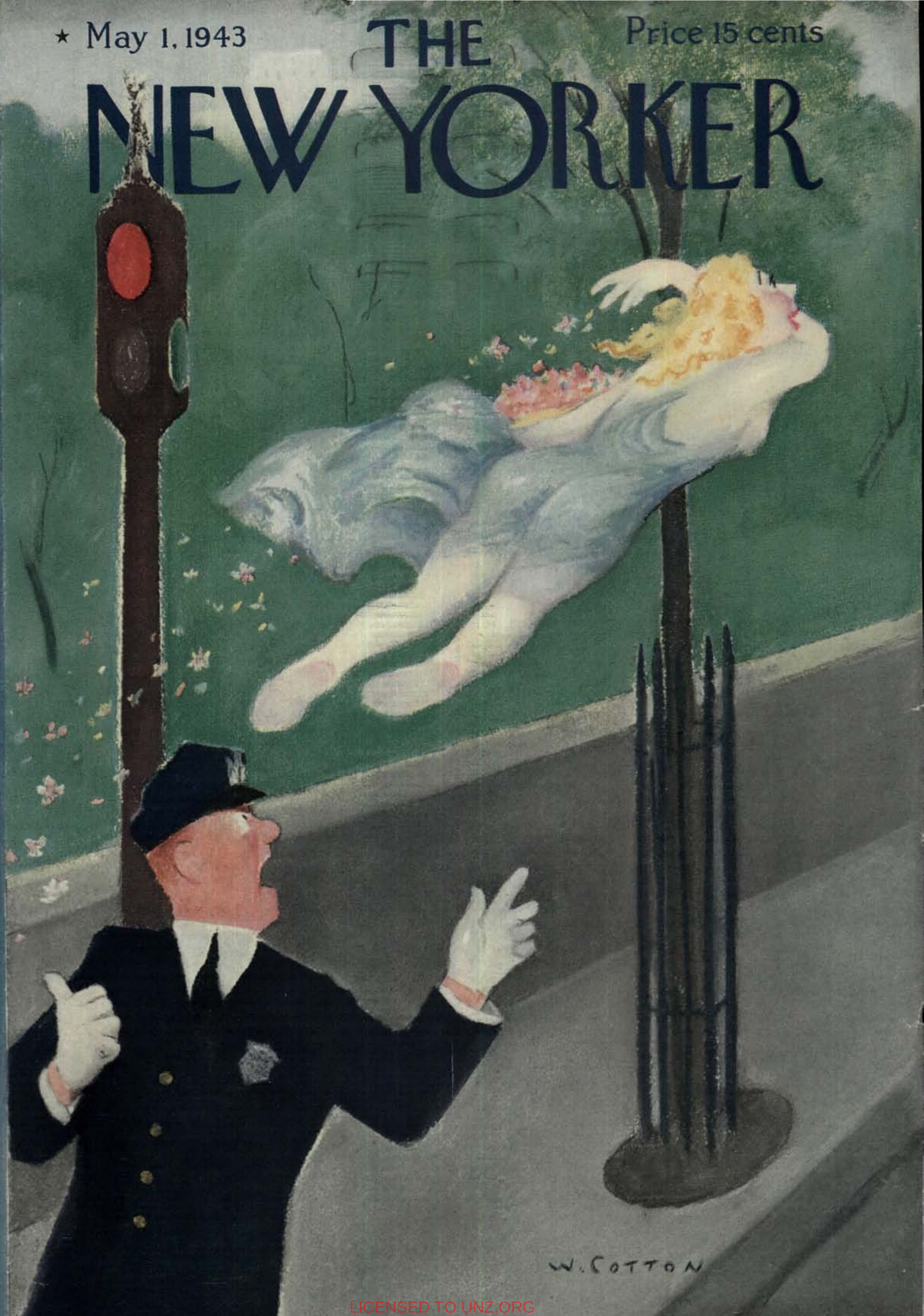

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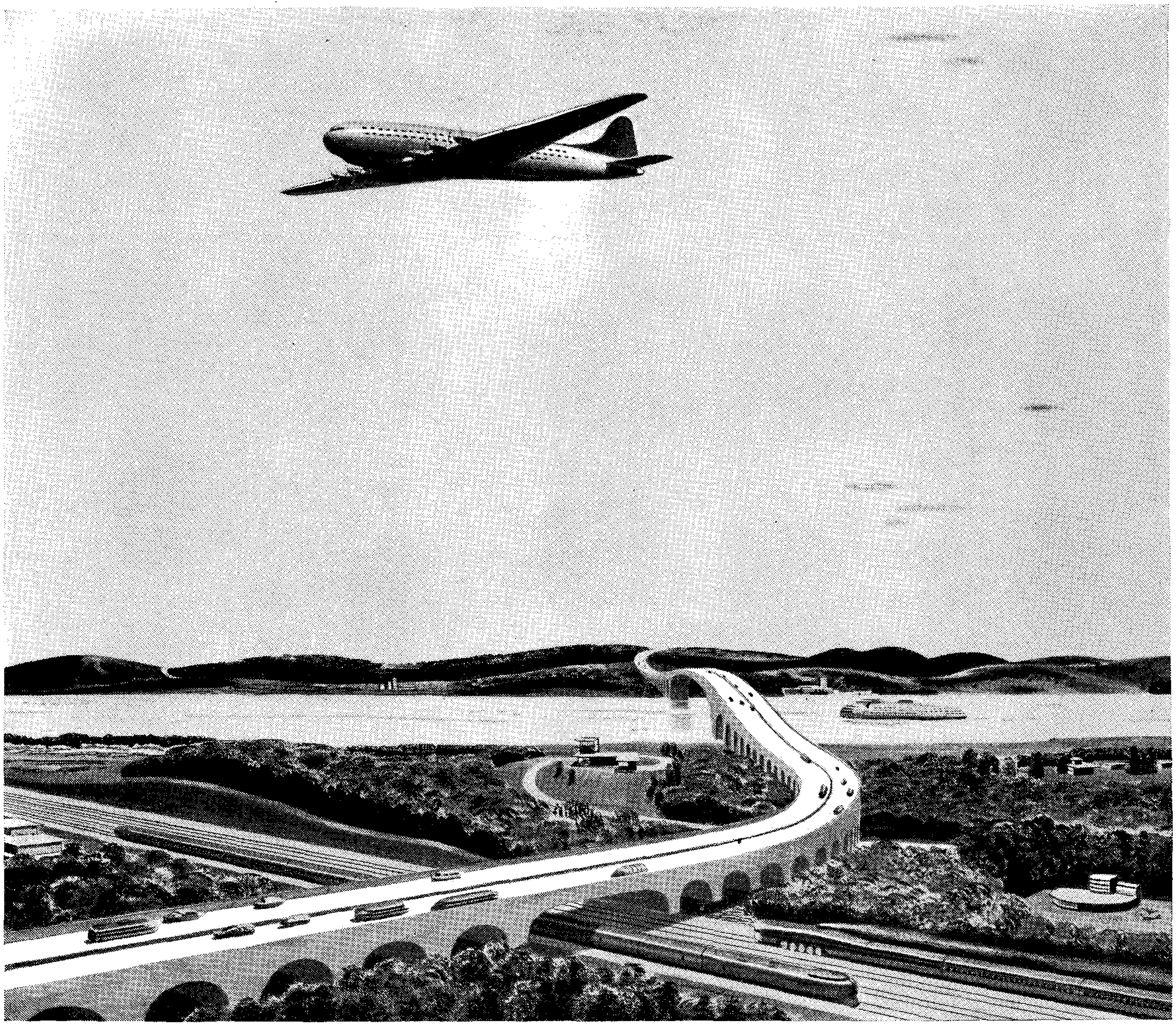

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UNITED

AIR LINES

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 8.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380, Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9253. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., April 30, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this handsome costume piece, which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 1.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The First Million—A comedy by Irving Elman, with Dorrit Kelton, Harlan Briggs, and Russell Collins. Produced by James S. Elliott. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence back again in this fantasy about a young woman who tried to combine love and the magazine business. The supporting cast is not quite what it was. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8.35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons O' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Chic Johnson has left the cast, but Ole Olsen, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser are still around. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., May 6, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., April 29, at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle leads the cast, which also includes Ilona Massey and Arthur Treacher. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore in a return engagement of the Emlyn Williams play. Opens Mon., May 3. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Sat. and Sun. thereafter, at 2:40.)

Sons and Soldiers—A play by Irwin Shaw, with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gregory Peck, and Stella Adler. Staged by Max Reinhardt and produced by Mr. Reinhardt, Norman Bel Geddes, and Richard Myers. Opens Tues., May 4. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Home Front—Ruth Weston and Robert Burton in a play by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. Staged by Mr. Ephron and produced by John Golden. Opens Wed., May 5. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe's production this year is "Iolanthe": Thurs. through Sat., April 29-May 1, at 8:45 P.M. and, as a benefit for the Red Cross, Sat., May 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545-6.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat., May 1, at 3 P.M. (Henry Hudson Hotel, 361 W. 57. For tickets, call AT 9-3627.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"The Romantic Age," "Aleko," "Three Virgins and a Devil" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Thurs. Eve., April 29; "Les Sylphides," "The Russian Soldier," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., April 30; "Peter and the Wolf," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., May 1; "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Argentinita), "Aleko," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., May 1; "Swan Lake," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Gala Performance," Sun. Aft., May 2; "Princess Aurora," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., May 2; "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Argentinita), "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Mon. Eve., May 3; "Billy the Kid," "Aleko," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Tues. Eve., May 4; "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Pas de Quatre," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Wed. Eve., May 5; "Romeo and Juliet," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., May 6; "Princess Aurora," "Lilac Garden," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Fri. Eve., May 7; "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., May 8; "Giselle," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., May 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Angna Enters—Presenting a program as a benefit

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 11, May 1, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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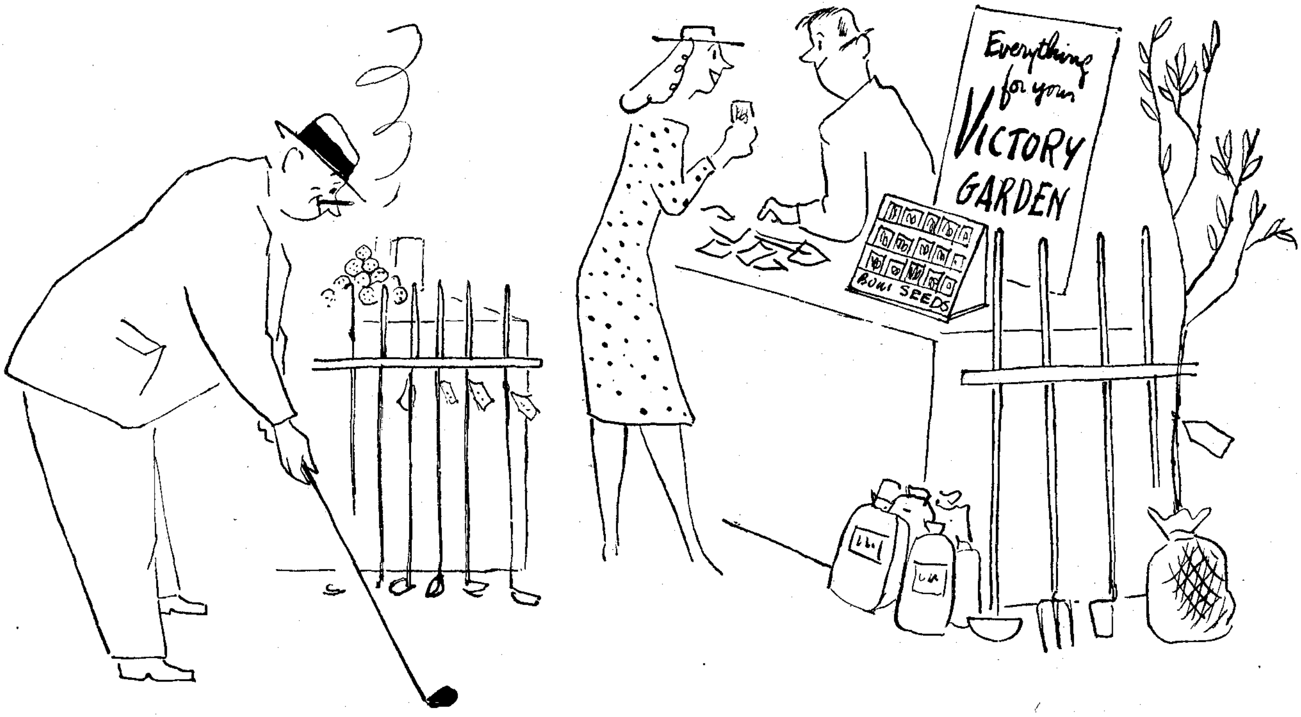
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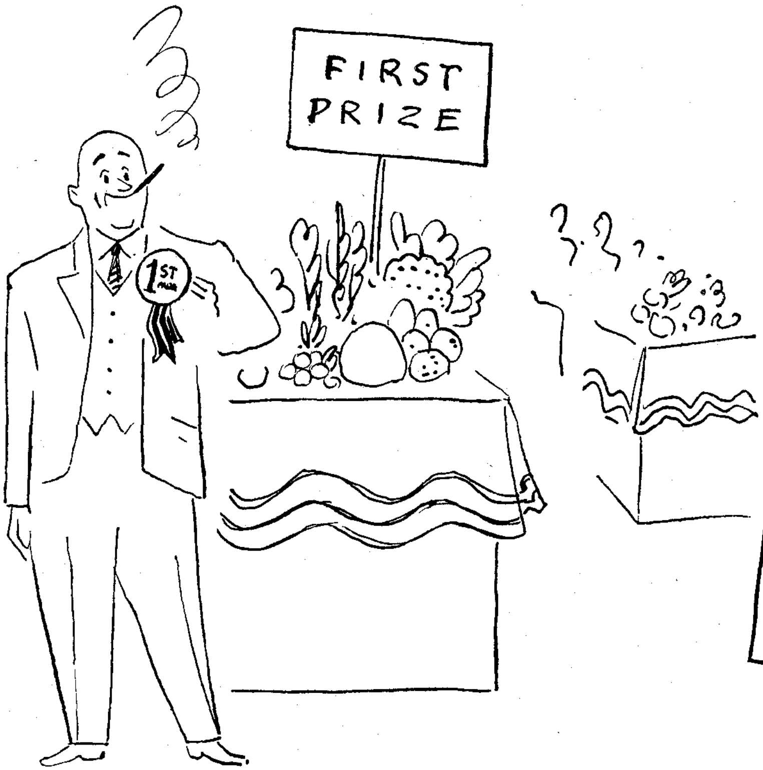
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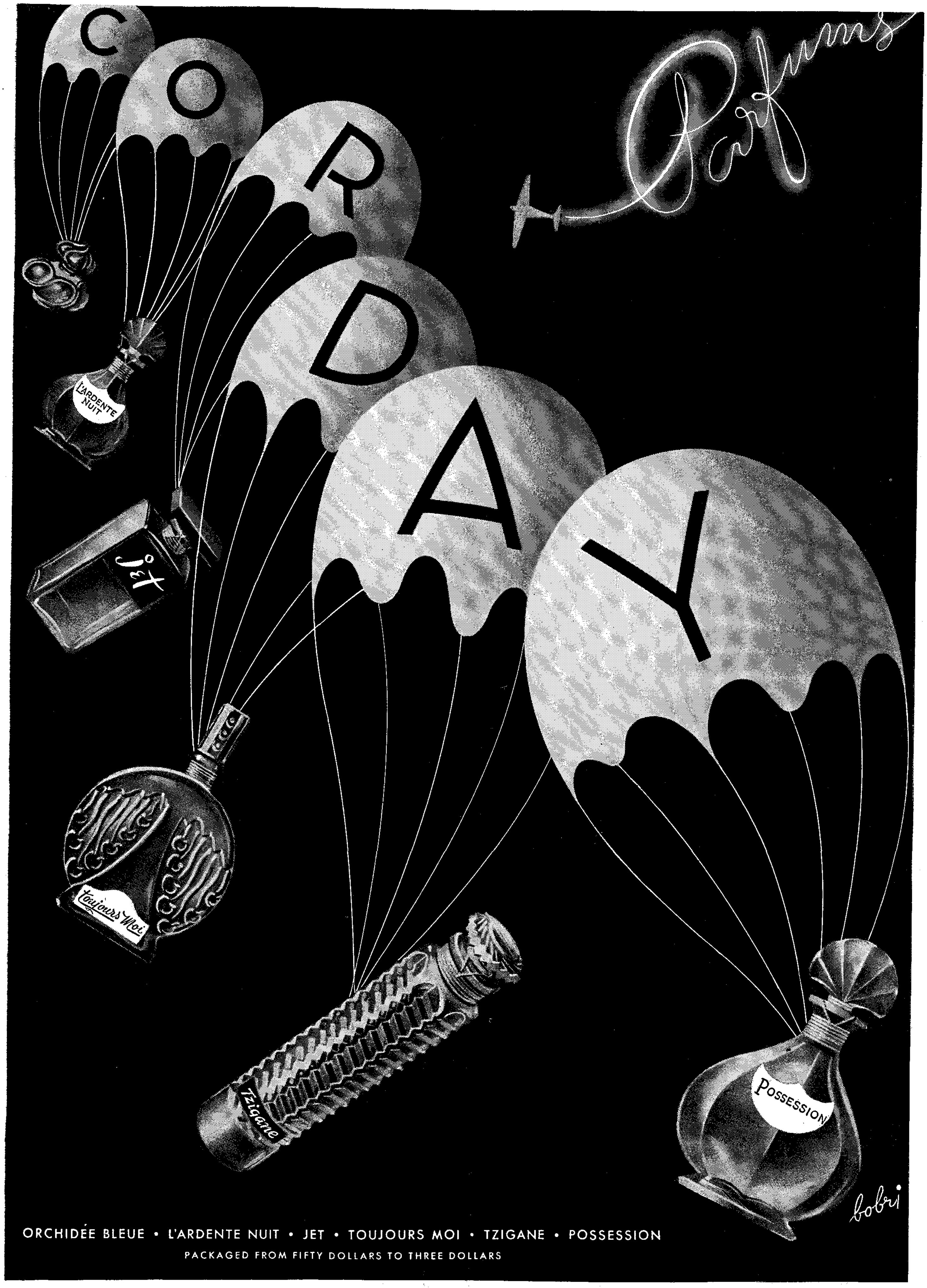
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for the Art Students' League, Thurs., April 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call CI 7-4510.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Music, which is the thing here, by Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with a fairly elaborate show; Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite spot among people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot. There's also a small show.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as a show.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra plays in the Iridium Room, which will close for the season on Tues., May 4. On the following night, the orchestra will move upstairs for the reopening of the Roof.... You'll find Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Russ Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Wedgwood Room, where Alec Templeton entertains at the supper hour and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra plays all evening, will close for the season on Wed., May 5. The next night the Starlight Roof will reopen, with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and, at the supper hour, Tito Guizar.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a fairly new one you may have heard about, with Claude Alphand, the Leonard Ware Trio, and several more.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs.... **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Libby Holman to listen to and the Lamotte murals to look at.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show which includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Maggi McNellis and George Morris's orchestra.... **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Arab might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show.... **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some other entertainers.... **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): the present show, headed by Frank Sinatra, will be replaced by a new one on Wed., May 5; Roy Fox's orchestra.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra will be replaced by Jan Savitt's on Thurs., May 6.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett.... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 8.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy.... **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least.... **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Carmen Amaya, with Machito's rumba band—all in a tropical setting.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra presiding.... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark.... **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a modest little place, with Bill Davison's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

American Impressionists—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: water colors and oils by Childe Hassam. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: paintings by Ernest Lawson, done between 1889 and 1938. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.... **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by Theodore Robinson, in the first one-man show of his works since 1895. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Darrel Austin—Retrospective of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Braque and Picasso—Fourteen paintings by two famous moderns: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—Originals of War Bond posters by twenty-nine artists, including Reginald Marsh, Thomas Hart Benton, and Alexander Brook (through Fri., April 30); also, the Museum's twelfth biennial water-color exhibition (through May 23). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Paul Burlin—New oils by a modernist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Collages—Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, Georges Braque, Joan Miró, and about thirty other artists exhibit their works in this medium: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Salvador Dali—Fourteen portraits and some drawings by this energetic fellow: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 8.

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Jesús Guerrero Galván—Recent oil paintings by a contemporary Mexican artist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 4.

Groups—At the **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Fredric Taubes, Marguerite Zorach, Isabel Bate, Franc Epping, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: paintings by members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union exhibited for the benefit of British war relief. Daily 12 noon to 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.... **FRIENDS OF GREECE,** 52 E. 57: Pavel Tchelitchew, Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and others; a Greek war relief benefit. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18.... **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: selected originals of illustrations from Samuel Kootz's book "New Frontiers in American Painting." Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Oskar Kokoschka—A showing of his oils, lithographs, drawings, and water colors: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Walt Kuhn—Paintings of circus people: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Jacques Lipchitz—Recent sculptures and the studies made for them: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Luigi Lucioni—A naturalistic artist shows his latest oils: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Piet Mondrian and Maria—New paintings by the first; sculptures of Brazilian subjects by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures (through June 6); also, religious folk art of the Southwest (through June 30). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

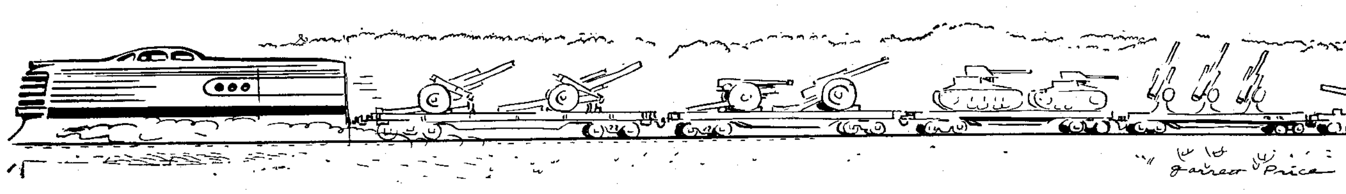
Old and Modern Masters—Over a hundred portraits by artists from 1450 to the present, along with modern headdresses inspired by the paintings; a benefit for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Kurt Seligmann—Paintings and drawings by a surrealist: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

David Smith—One of the younger abstractionists shows sculptures and drawings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Thirty Years Ago—Paintings by the leaders of modern art of that time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Here and There—At the **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15.... **SCHONEMAN,** 73 E. 57: oils and water colors by Emilio Grau-Sala. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: pastels and paintings by Stephen Csoka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 7.... **IRANIAN INSTITUTE,** 9 E. 89: loan show of Persian, Chinese, and Indian art. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.... **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: recent oils by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.... **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils by Lisa Mangor; also, etchings and woodcuts by Isaac Friedlander. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent oils on paper by Iver Rose. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.... **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: paintings of city life by Evsa Model. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.... **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: tempera paintings of the south by William H.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 8.

Johnson. Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **MORTIMER BRANDT**, 50 E. 57: paintings by Francis Chapin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **NORLYST**, 59 W. 56: paintings by Boris Margo. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Mishel Piastro; a benefit for the Red Cross: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., April 29, at 8:30 P.M.

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORUS—Lowell P. Beveridge conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri., April 30, at 8:45 P.M.

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—George Mead conducting: Town Hall, Sat., May 1, at 8:30 P.M.

ORCHESTRETTE OF NEW YORK—Frederique Petrides conducting; Soloists, Hinda Barnett and Vivian Rivkin: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon., May 3, at 8:30 P.M.

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Assisted by the Chapel Choir, Ralph Kirkpatrick, and others, in Bach's St. John Passion; Paul Boepple conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues., May 4, at 8 P.M.

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe conducting: Town Hall, Tues., May 4, at 8:30 P.M.

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—George Mead conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed., May 5, at 8:30 P.M.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF MUSIC CLUBS—A chorus conducted by Dr. John Warren Erb, with James Melton and other soloists; a benefit for the Federation's war service fund: Waldorf-Astoria (for tickets, call CI 5-9485), Fri., May 7, at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Sponsoring a production of "A Tree on the Plains," by Ernst Bacon and Paul Horgan; presented by the Columbia University Theatre Associates and the Department of Music: Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117 (for tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502), Wed. through Sat., May 5-8, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 8, at 2:40 P.M.

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun. Eve., May 2, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Thurs., April 29, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., April 30, at 3 P.M., Sat., May 1, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 2 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M. . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Mon. through Thurs., May 3-6, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri., May 7, at 3 P.M., and Sat., May 8, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Wed., and Thurs., May 3, 5, and 6, at 3 P.M., and Tues., May 4, at 5:30 P.M.

CREW—Columbia vs. Rutgers, Harlem River, Sat., May 1, freshmen at 4 P.M., varsity at 5 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. (Jamaica Handicap, Sat., May 1; Youthful Stakes, Wed., May 5; Grey Lag Handicap, Sat., May 8.) Trains leave Penn Station frequently between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. each day.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.; through May 15.

WARTIME EXHIBITION—A collection, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas: Chrysler Bldg., 406 Lexington, at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through May 15.

NARCISSUS SHOW—The annual spring event of the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Mon., May 3, from 2 to 10 P.M. and Tues., May 4, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

PLANETARIUM—A program demonstrating the theories of Copernicus, and commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of his death, will be shown this month at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: more than seven hundred entries in the Press Photographers' annual exhibit of noteworthy camera shots of the year, mostly of metropolitan scenes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sun., May 2. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: photographs of prominent men by the late Pirie MacDonald, from 1900 to 1942. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

ENGLISH CARICATURES—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

FOLK ART—A loan exhibition of quilts, wood carvings, paintings, and other early Americana: Folk Arts Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

BENEFITS—Musicians Emergency Fund dinner dance: St. Regis Roof, Tues., May 4, at 8:30 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-4108.) . . . Red, White, and Blue dinner dance, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri., May 7, at 7:30 P.M. (For tickets, call BU 8-2196.)

ON THE AIR—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., April 30, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., May 1, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Walter Damrosch and Frank Black conducting, Sun., May 2, at 5 P.M. . . . Racing: from Churchill Downs, the Kentucky Derby, Sat., May 1, at 6:15 P.M., WABC; from Jamaica, the Jamaica Handicap, Sat., May 1, and the Gray Lag Handicap, Sat., May 8, at 4:15 P.M., WOR; from Pimlico, the Preakness, Sat., May 8, at 2:30 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., April 30 and May 7, and Sat., May 1, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings, including some by Titian, Rembrandt, Derain, and Renoir, from the collections of Mrs. T. E. Houston, Mrs. Victor Harris, and others: Thurs., April 29, at 8:15 P.M. . . . English Victorian furniture and decorative objects and American primitive paintings, owned by Mrs. Juliana Force; Fri., April 30, at 2 P.M. . . . Etchings and engravings by Dürer, Meryon, Whistler, and other old and modern masters, from a private collection: Wed. and Thurs., May 5-6, at 8:15 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

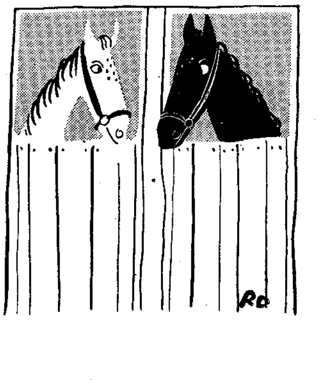
ACROSS THE PACIFIC—John Huston directed this one with the same fast pace that he put into "The Maltese Falcon." It's about (and against) Japanese spies, and features Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 29.)

AT THE FRONT—Surprisingly clear and close-up Technicolor shots, made by the Signal Corps, of tank action in Tunisia. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., April 30.)

CASABLANCA—Intrigue in the North African metropolis when the Germans were still running loose there. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., April 30. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., May 5. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., May 3-5.)

DESERT VICTORY—The great British documentary about Montgomery vs. Rommel. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Rip-snorter about sabotage in present-day Norway, notable for the acting in subordinate rôles. Cast includes Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Ruth Gordon, Judith Anderson, and lots of others. (Strand, B'way at 47.)



THE HUMAN COMEDY—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are also fine performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

I MARRIED A WITCH—An adaptation of Thorne Smith's novel about a weird wedlock. Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 5-7.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—Not York this time, but a certain British sergeant in the Libyan Desert. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 30.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—The career of a British destroyer, with lots of authentic excitement. Noel Coward wrote and directed it and helped with the acting. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 2-4.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR—Orson Welles has adapted and appears in the scary Eric Ambler story about spies in Turkey. With Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., May 1-3.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A long, erratic Disney about South America, in which the good bits outweigh the bad. Donald Duck and others. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 4-5.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Improbable but lively events in Washington, centring around Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 29.)

THE YOUNG MR. PITT—Some of the best pre-Churchill speeches to come out of Parliament are featured in this British film about Britain vs. Napoleon. Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., May 3. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., May 5.)

REVIVALS

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 5-8.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 5-8.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1942)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 30.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., May 4-6.)

THE GREEN PASTURES (1936)—The Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly piece. With Rex Ingram. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 30.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (1941)—The James P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 5-7.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE (1942)—The Ellen Glasgow novel of a Southern family and its problem daughter. Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 5-7.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., May 2-4.)

THE MAYOR'S DILEMMA (1940)—French life during the last war. With Charpin and Annie Vernay. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., April 30-May 1.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. Jean Gabin. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 1-4.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., April 30-May 1.)

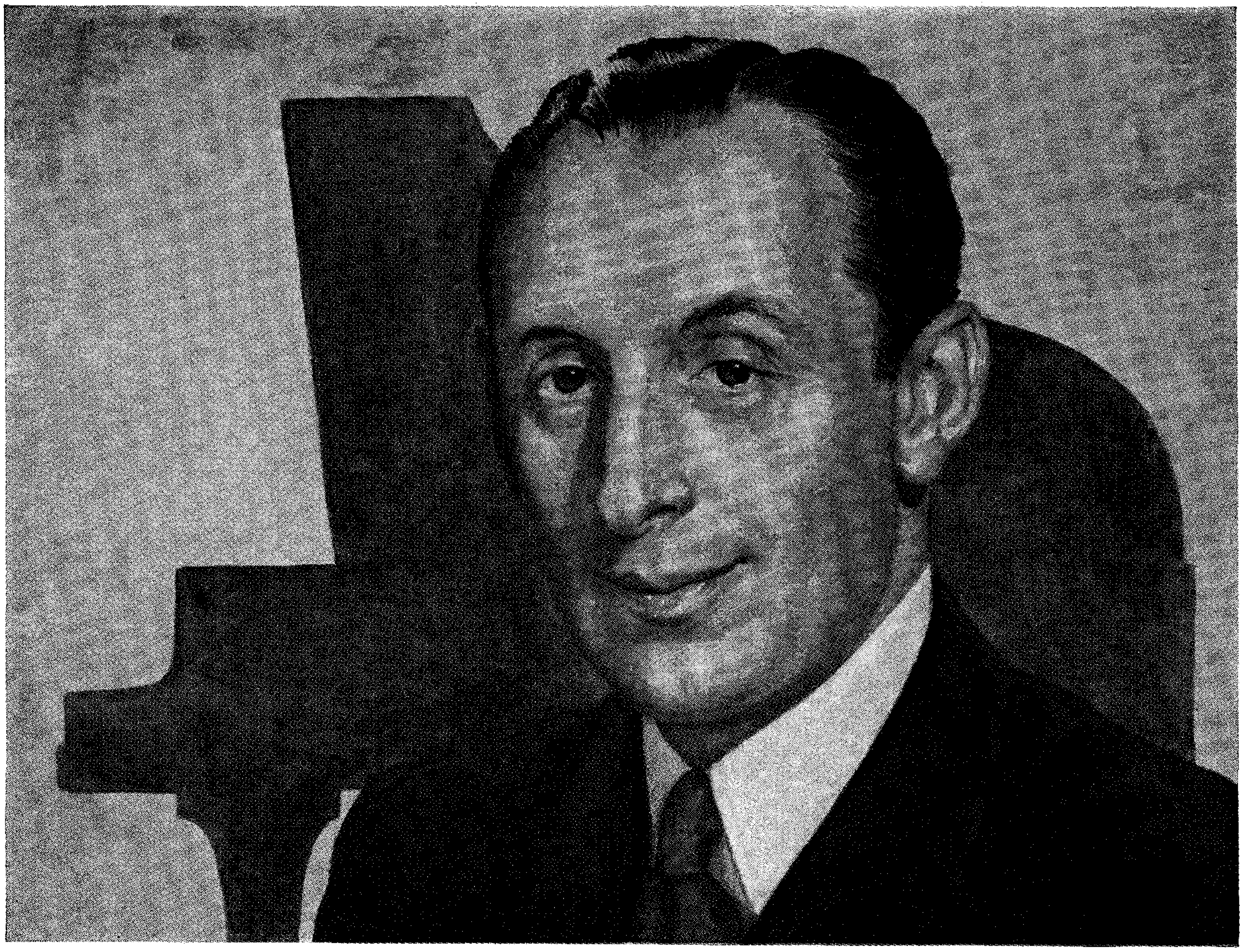
SCARFACE (1932)—Early gangster piece with Paul Muni and George Raft. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., May 1-3.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 3-4.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 29.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., April 30-May 3.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., APRIL 29**: "Baboona" (1935), Martin Johnson travel film. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 30-MAY 1**: "Swing Time" (1936), Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. **SUN. AND MON., MAY 2-3**: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, Louis Jouvet and Jean Gabin. **TUES. AND WED., MAY 4-5**: "Camille" (1936), Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. **THURS. AND FRI., MAY 6-7**: "Fährmann Maria"



Vladimir Horowitz painted by Boris Chaliapin
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With flour and butter they paid to hear him . . .

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ has been honored by old-world royalty . . . and by starving peasants. During his early career in the hungry, moneyless Russia of 1920, poverty-stricken men and women from the farms paid in flour and butter for the privilege of hearing the young pianist.

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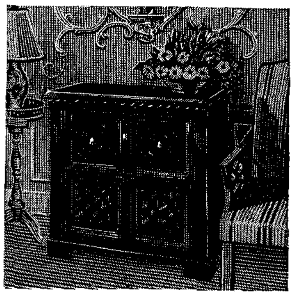

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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1936), in German. SAT., MAY 8: "The Texas Rangers" (1936), Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Jean Parker.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute, and officials say they have reason to believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for whatever fat you can spare. Strain the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to handle. . . . Meanwhile, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery departments.

VOLUNTEER WORK—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 5th Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

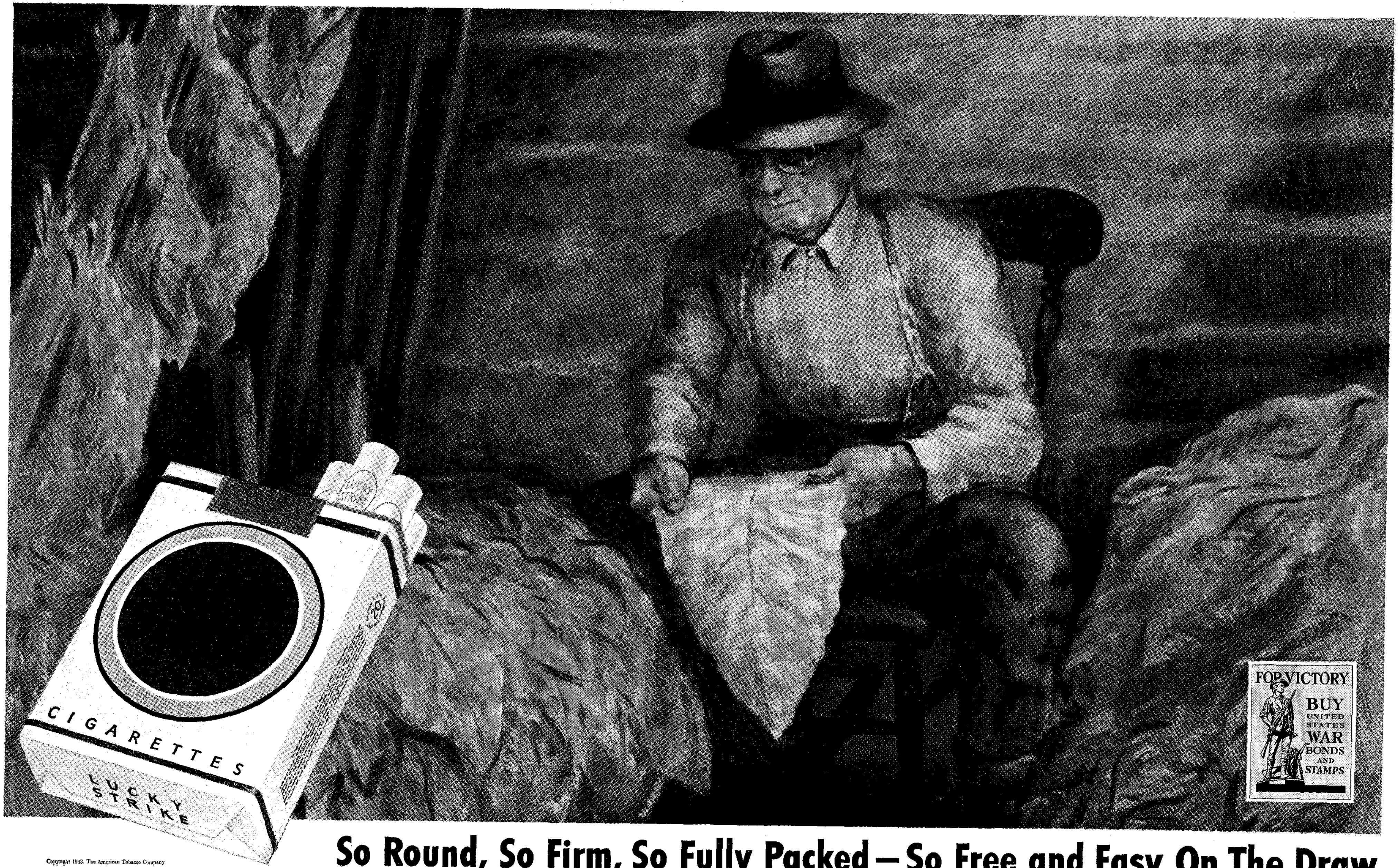
Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from midnight to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46 (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute radios, portable phonographs, records, furniture, and harmonicas for Army and Navy recreation centres. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry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AND
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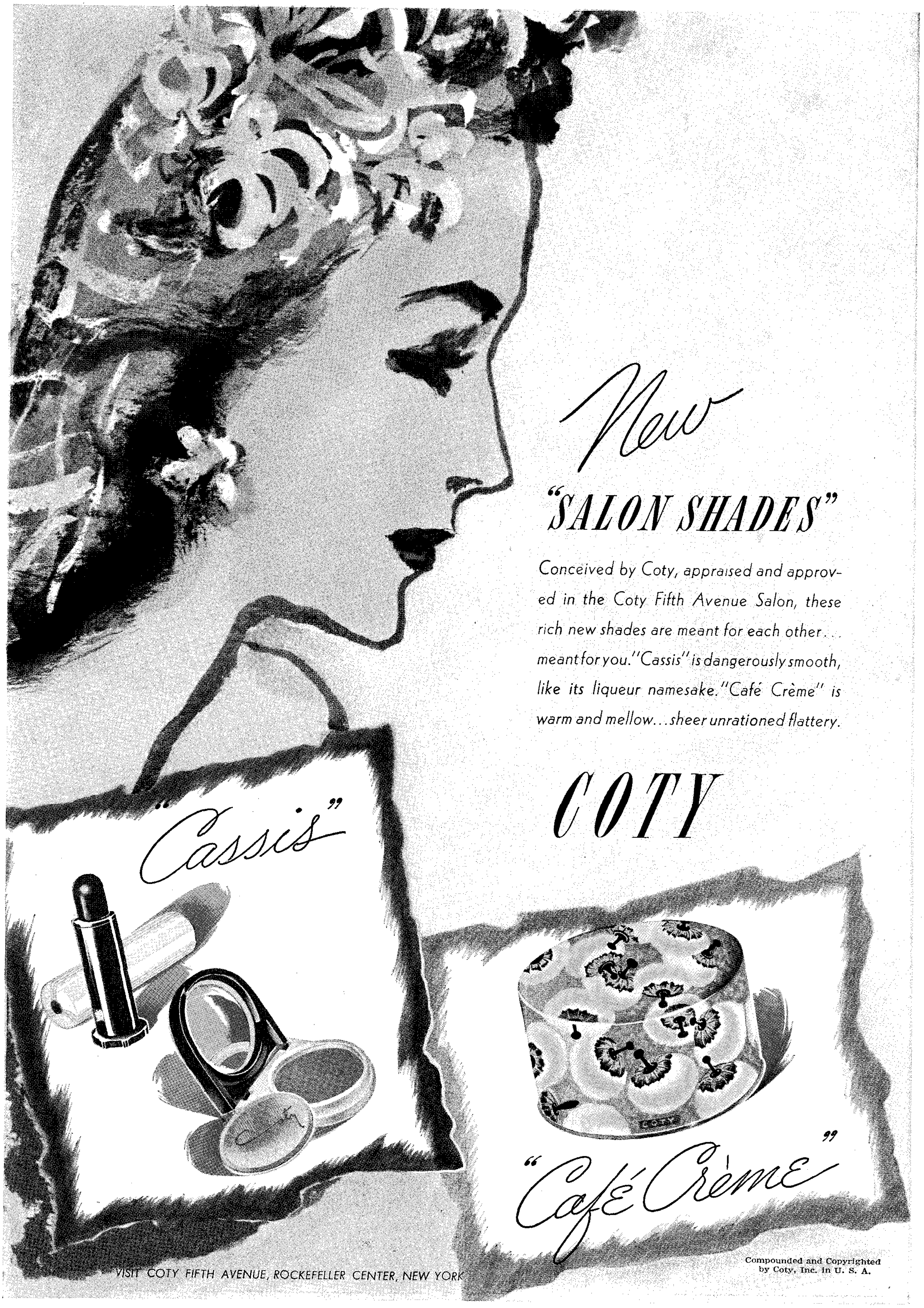

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

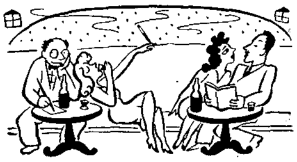
Notes and Comment

THE D.A.R., which has an enviable record of consistency, has adopted a resolution opposing any political union of the United States with other nations that would deprive this government of free and independent action. We commend to the Daughters the recent remarks of President Roosevelt at Monterrey on the subject of "interdependence," the word with the big new syllable.

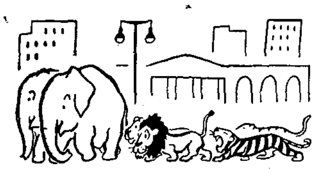
The D.A.R. has also admonished its members to be on their guard against all proposals which might destroy the sovereignty of the American people. We commend to the Daughters the chapter on sovereignty in "A Democratic Manifesto," which is the best book on the war and which shows sovereignty up for a dead cat.

The D.A.R. has further resolved that the main objective of the American people is to be victorious in the briefest possible time to prevent needless sacrifice of life. That just isn't true, for the people are obviously concerned with something beyond the mere negative ideal of Not Dying. That's three strikes on the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are swinging wide at the fast-breaking curves of war. Ladies, you're out!

WE think Wendell Willkie's book, "One World," is an attractive job, but we suspect that it may cost him the Presidency. In the American voter's mind, there is nothing so untrustworthy as the author of a book. The citizen of the hinterland is firmly convinced that book authors are shady, suspiciously glib people who live in sin in New York, mostly on absinthe, and he would no more vote for one than he would vote for Tommy Manville. Heretofore our Presidential aspirants have always been well aware of this. Among the recent Presidents, Hoover had nothing against his name but a couple of engineering monographs, Harding had never written anything but editorials, and Coolidge not only forwent writing until he was safely past the Presidency but also just about forwent talking. Even Roosevelt, a more intellectual type than most, turned over the editing of his state papers to a friend to avoid having his name on the fall lists. The last President we can recall who was publicly known as the author of books was Woodrow Wilson, and he had to take the curse off by putting in a long, dull stint as Governor of New Jersey. A man with a book on his record might conceivably get to be President, but the odds are certainly against him. We would advise Willkie to make an immediate public announcement that the book is a frameup by the Democratic National Committee, that actually he hasn't written anything since his student themes at Elwood High (forget the University of Indiana, see!), and that the first chance he gets he is standing for Governor of New Jersey.



AN air-raid warden we know, a young woman who holds down the desk in her sector headquarters in Greenwich Village twice a week from nine to midnight, is occasionally visited by the policeman on the beat. This policeman, who is elderly and talkative, dropped in the other night, sat down, grunted, placed his cap and nightstick on the desk, and said, "I'm a man that believes in looking ahead, and I been walking around tonight thinking over the biggest police problem this great city will ever have; namely, the day the war ends. I got it all figured out. I know exactly what'll happen. Half an hour after the news gets out there won't be a thing left in the saloons but the bare walls. Then the people will tear down the doors on the liquor stores and take what they want, a bottle of this, a bottle of that. Then they'll go to work on the breweries; they'll be swimming in the vats. Old ladies will be howling drunk that day. Preachers won't even bother to drink in secret; they'll be climbing lampposts and quoting the Bible on the way up. And some young fellow will trot up to the Central Park Zoo and break the locks. The elephants will be marching down Fifth Avenue, and the lions and the tigers, two by two; we'll be six weeks getting the monkeys out of the trees. And they'll ring all the church bells until they crack; they'll jerk the bells right out of the steeples. And you know that big sireen in Rockefeller Center; somebody will get hold of that, and he won't be torn loose until they shoot him loose. And they'll unscrew the hydrants all over town; the water will be knee-deep. And people will be running around with their shoes off, wading in the water and singing songs. I can see the whole scene. And the ferryboat captains will give one toot on their whistles and run the ferryboats right up on dry land, and the bus-drivers will run the buses right into the river. And the passengers will take charge of the subway trains, and they'll run them right up into the open



air. You'll hear a racket and a roar, and you'll look around, and here'll come a subway train shooting right through the pavement. And husbands will be so happy they'll beat their wives, and wives will beat their husbands, and the tellers in banks will gang up and beat the bank presidents, and the ordinary citizens will tear down big buildings just so they'll have some bricks to throw." The policeman laughed and slapped his knee. "What a day of rejoicing!" he said. "What a police problem! I hope to God I live to see it."

Man of the Left

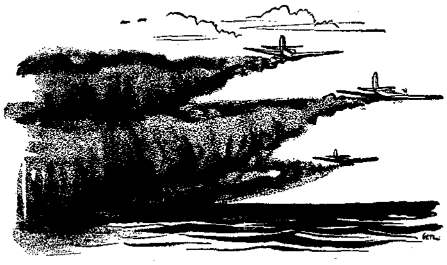
PROBABLY you've noticed in the press a good deal of intemperate discussion of Mark Alexandrovich Aldanov's novel, "The Fifth Seal," the English translation of which was published last week. The controversy finds the Book-of-the-Month Club lined up against the American Communists, and the reverberations would be terrifying in quieter times. The question, of course, is whether or not the Aldanov novel is aimed against the Soviet regime. Tackling the question our own way, we first looked up Aldanov in the Encyclopædia Britannica and found what amounted to a rave, coming from the Encyclopædia Britannica: "Although Aldanov lacks the grand epical imagination of a Dostoevski and the wide sympathy of a Tolstoy, he is not unworthy to be ranked as their successor." From this we proceeded to an interview with Aldanov, who told us firmly that, though not in political sympathy with Stalin, he considered himself a radical. "The Right, may it sink!" he exclaimed, in an untrammeled Russian accent. Aldanov is a gentle, middle-aged fellow with elaborate, old-regime manners. Though not unaccustomed to success, he feels tremendously honored by being a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice. "It makes me break up with tears to find the big American ear opened to listen for me," he said.

Aldanov is a theoretical chemist of some repute, having caused quite a flurry in the laboratories with a book called "Actino Chemistry," published several years ago. It deals with some new theories about the action of light rays, Aldanov informed us. "Some said yes, some said no," he added, shaking his head sadly. "Scientists are so unprecise—much worse than writers." He organizes his life so as to divide his time between literature and chemistry. "I am fifty here, fifty there—per cent, of course," he said. His father, a wealthy Russian sugar manufacturer, wanted him to be a lawyer, but as soon as he came of age he switched to chemistry. Chemistry was not enough, however. "I could feel an itch along the fingernails, if that is how you say it, and I knew I wanted to analyze something else. What? Earth, sky, water, fire? No. Human beings? Yes. I will analyze human beings. So I am a writer." Aldanov reached this decision when he was twenty-three and immediately plunged into the whirlpool of Russian letters. "I was lost—sinking, sinking. Then I encountered the reef, the rock, the life preserver made of cork—Count Tolstoy." Modelling himself on Tolstoy, he proceeded to write a number of weighty novels, including a cycle dealing with the Napoleonic invasion. Though he has never before achieved anything like the Book-of-the-Month sales, he has been translated into twenty-three languages.

Having been a Kerensky man, Aldanov fled to Paris when the Bolsheviks came into power, and stayed there until the fall of France was imminent. His work was already known in Paris when he arrived there, and he was welcomed to the inner literary circles of France and England. He knew a lot of the boys, including Proust, Joyce, and Galsworthy. "A fashionable plate," he says of Galsworthy, "but though he dressed like a fashionable plate, how he could write!" Among this country's writers, he most admires Hemingway. Aldanov is at work on a new novel, tentatively called "The Sources," in which he intends to trace the causes of the war back to the nineteenth century. He is also collecting an anthology of Russian literature of the last hundred years, in which, he would have his critics know, he is giving due attention to the contemporary Soviet writers. "Art has no politics," he told us. That's where *he* stands.

Tots

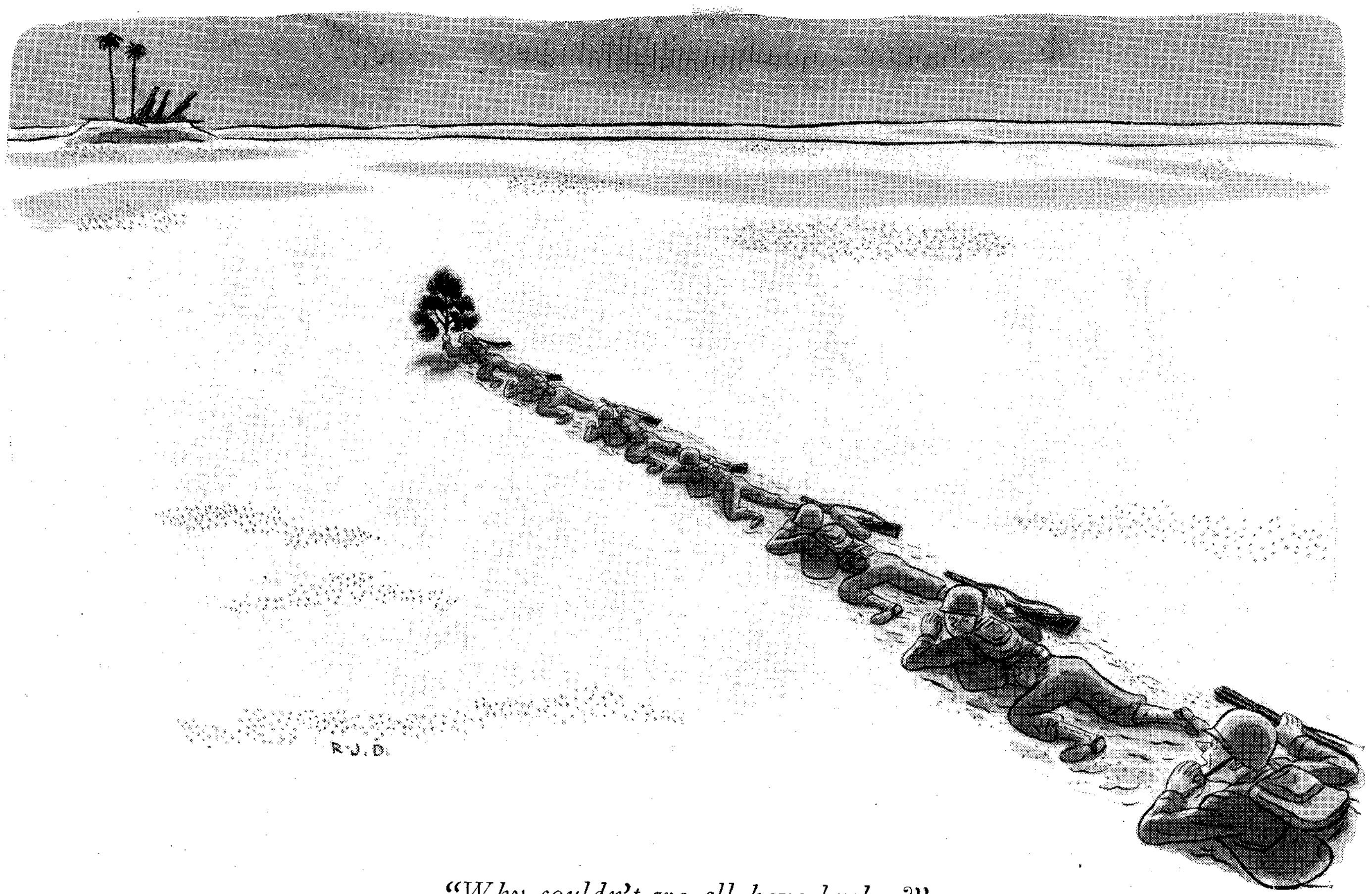
A TEACHER at the Walt Whitman School (progressive) found herself explaining fractions to one of the girls, who always seemed to look a little drugged when the subject came up in class. The teacher tried to make the whole business clear in various ingenious ways, using progressive-school symbols, but the child still didn't show any signs of knowing or caring what the hell she was talking about. "Don't you understand at *all*, Ethel?" asked the teacher after she had run through her repertoire of tricks. "Oh, I understand all right," said Ethel airily. "I just don't happen to agree with you."



This brings up something of the same kind that once happened to a mother we know. She was driving her young son home from the Riverdale Country School and on the way he tried to discuss his progress in mathematics with her. She is a casually educated sort of woman and also an apprehensive driver, so her responses were pretty vague. After a while he gave up and sat looking at her sorrowfully. "Gosh, Mother, I hate to think what's going to happen when somebody asks *you* to extract a square root," he said.

Packages for War

THE American Management Association's Wartime Packaging Conference and Exposition, recently held at the Astor, was not open to the public, but you needn't feel too bad; we were admitted, as a journalist, and can give you all the pertinent facts. The keynote of the Conference and Exposition was struck for us by an obliging publicity man: "The war and the cold hard facts of military necessity have taught us that packaging must be more utilitarian, and that goes for after the war, too. I think we can say that the day of the pretty-pretty package has passed." He cited as an example of the new packaging a Goodyear Tire & Rubber product called Pliofilm, a waterproof, transparent enveloping substance that can be used, after the war, for the practically indefinite preservation of fruits, cheese, and other perishables. One of its present uses is to keep airplane engines free of moisture during shipment. An engine is simply popped into a Pliofilm bag, along with a compound called silica gel, which absorbs moisture. A piece of litmus paper inside the bag makes it easy to check whether the engine is really keeping dry. The packaging set rightly considers this an advance from the days when engines were covered before shipment with a thick layer of cosmoline, which involved



"Why couldn't we all have bushes?"

a 75-man-hour cleaning job after arrival.

The Folding Paper Box Association was one of the outfits represented at the conference. Among other wartime activities of the Association is the making of fins for incendiary bombs. Metal fins use too much steel, considering that incendiaries are being scattered by the million these days, and there's the further disadvantage that they are not burned up by the action of the bomb and can be salvaged by the enemy. Shipping space being just about the most precious commodity there is now, the Army has earnestly encouraged the packaging contractors to work on the problem of compression. We saw, as one evidence of their success, a bundle about the size of an ashcan which contained dozens of overcoats, mechanically compressed and baled—a fifty per-cent reduction in shipping space. The packaging triumph of the whole show was probably the Army's 5-1 emergency ration, a box about the size of an unabridged dictionary, which contains a day's ration for five men and can safely be tossed from an airplane *without* a parachute.

The standard wooden box holding two chemical mortar shells has been improved, from a psychological point of view at least, simply by leaving off the metal handles that used to be put on each end. If there were handles on the box, it was explained to us, an impetuous gunner would often try to carry it by himself, which is dangerous; now it has to be carried by two men. The special requirements of the Medical Corps have resulted in an individual dose of sulfadiazine that can be opened and taken by a man with only one good arm—you open it by tearing off a paper tab with your teeth. There's also an emergency plaster-of-Paris application, wrapped in a waterproof envelope, which, when opened and wet, hardens into something very like a cast. The Navy used to specify solid-metal containers for shipping bomb tails; now it employs collapsible wire crates, which are cheaper and use less metal, and take up seventy-five percent less space on return trips. The Navy is also encouraging the use of waterproof boxes for cargo, so that they will float even when full and will serve as emergency rafts or life preservers. For use in the South Pacific, where the insects are big and tough, the Navy now has food containers designed to discourage them with bad odors and tough, sticky paper. Our prediction, based on these observations, is that after the war it's going to be harder than ever to open a package of cigarettes.

Rebuff

WE are only human, Lord knows, and we often seriously doubt if our readers ever give a thought to the tribulations and disappointments involved in turning out a department of this sort. We get wind of what seems like a first-rate story, a setup, and then are thwarted in some curious and unexpected way. That's *one* thing. For example, we were told about a taxi-driver who provides his passengers with, according to the circumstances, cigarettes of various brands, cough drops, or a telephone book for looking up addresses. Thinking to write a short biography of this man, we got his address from the hack bureau and wrote him, looking toward a rendezvous. And this is his reply:

> Thank you so much for your letter. I am very much flattered by your interest in the manner in which I serve the riding public with my taxicab. However, if you were to write in your esteemed journal about my methods of operation and this should come to the ears or eyes or both of certain taximen, I would be singled out

for much ridicule. So thank you again, but the ethics of my business do not permit any such publicity.

Actor

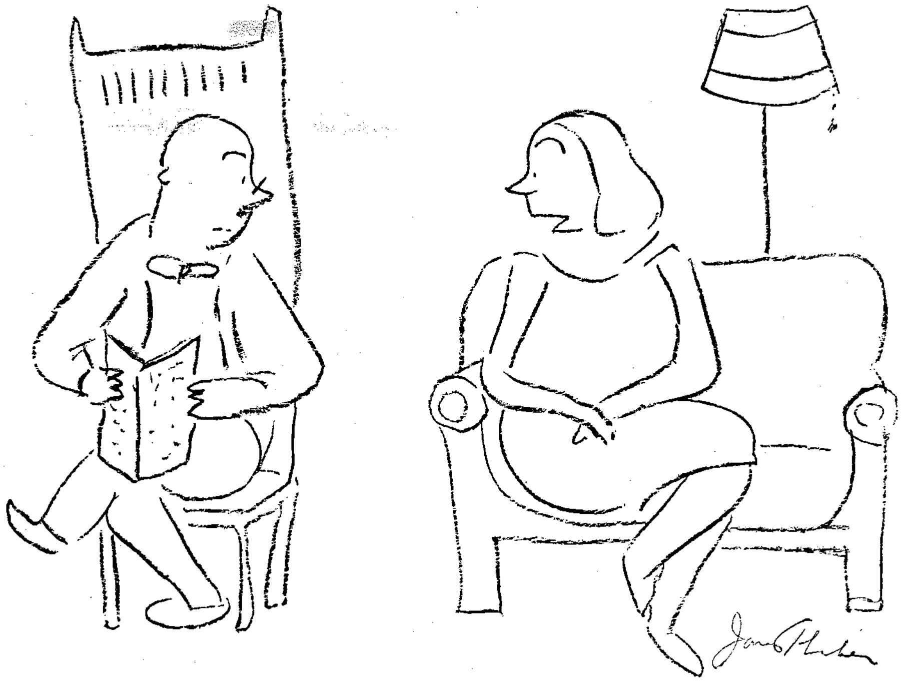
Dudley Field Malone, a prominent legal figure in this city in the old, carefree days, returned last week after an absence of several years on the Pacific Coast, having completed his impersonation of Winston Churchill in the film version of “Mission to Moscow.” He arrived on the Twentieth Century, and we were waiting at Grand Central, along with a clammy clump of fellow-journalists and a bevy of Warner Brothers publicity gnomes. One of the gnomes was carrying several copies of “Mission to Moscow,” another a box of Corona Grandes. “A ninety-cent cigar,” he said, offering us one. “Same kind Churchill smokes. A tieup, see?” The first man off the train was a Warners’ operative who had got on at Harmon. “O.K., fellows,” he said. “Here comes Dudley.” A moment later there was Mr. Malone standing in the vestibule doorway, wearing a black Homburg, a double-breasted dark suit, a tan trench coat, and a freshly lighted Corona Grande. The photographers got to work, snapping pictures of Malone looking happy, grim, bloody, sweaty, and tearful. Then they tried to persuade him to pose with a whole box of cigars, but he wouldn’t. “Not until I get paid for an endorsement,” he said firmly. The party started up the ramp and Malone remarked, with no apparent provocation, “The newspaper boys out in Chicago asked me how I liked being an actor, and I told them that all lawyers and politicians are actors at heart and that even under government rationing there’s still a little ham left in all of us.” The gnomes laughed heartily and one of them repeated the gag slowly for our benefit. As soon as Malone was out of the station, he discarded the Corona Grande in favor of a Chesterfield. “Smoking cigars this early in the morning is too much of an act for me,” he said. “That’s rich,” one of the Warners’ men remarked to us.

After a brief stop at 70 Park Avenue, a hotel whose penthouse suite had been engaged for Mr. Malone and where the party had a double Scotch each, we all set out for City Hall, the Mayor having agreed to receive Malone in his capacity as Churchill. In the Mayor’s outer office, an inexorable Warners’ man handed his charge another cigar and said, “Light up, Dudley.” Dudley lit up, automatically giving it the blood-sweat-and-tears look. The Mayor’s secretary beckoned us in and we were all introduced to the Mayor. The City Hall Associated Press representative had followed us in, unbidden, and the Mayor spotted him instantly. “What do *you* want?” he asked. The A.P. man said he just thought he’d look in. “I’ll send for you if I want you,” Fiorello said. That settled the A.P. A Warners’ man handed Malone still another cigar and instructed him, “Try to give it to the Mayor.” Malone tried to give the cigar to the Mayor and the Mayor said, “I don’t smoke.” “You still have constituents,” Malone said persuasively. The Mayor held the cigar for a moment, seemingly trying to remember whether he still did have constituents, and a cameraman got a picture of him. “Does Warners’ furnish these cigars?” the Mayor asked. “They must cost a fortune.” “Ninety cents,” said one of the publicity boys, a little complacently. “Heavens,” said the Mayor. “The boys asked me how I liked being an actor,” Malone said, filling in an awkward pause, “and I told them that all lawyers and politicians are actors at heart and that even under government rationing there’s still a little ham left in all of us.” The Mayor squealed and said, “That’s good.” The publicity men roared.

While the cameramen went about their grim task, the Mayor asked whether the film “Mission to Moscow” had any love interest. Someone told him no. “That’s good,” he said. “Fifteen years ago I wrote a scenario and they said it was no good because it had no love interest.” Somebody asked what the Mayor’s scenario was called, and he said, “ ‘Tony Goes to Congress.’ The reason it got turned down was they were afraid the two-bit politicians wouldn’t like it.” Having bid the Mayor goodbye, Malone doused his cigar in the outer office, but he had to light up again for a visit to the press room. “Show them how much you look like Churchill,” one of the gnomes said, and Malone obliged. “You know, fellows,” he said, “out in Chicago they asked me how I liked being an actor, and I said . . .”

From Switzerland

Of considerable interest to connoisseurs of the random jottings people leave in typewriters is a document found by a correspondent of ours in a new Hermes portable, made in Switzerland, which was delivered to him in the original container. In the machine was a piece of paper bearing several clumps of typographical five-finger exercises, obviously made by a factory inspector, and then this sentence: "*Zoe, grande fille, veut que je boive ce whisky mais je ne veux pas.*" It has all the letters of the alphabet, and, if you ask us, it has a little bit more.



"*I don't understand a thing that's happened since Coolidge was President.*"

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The Secrets of 118

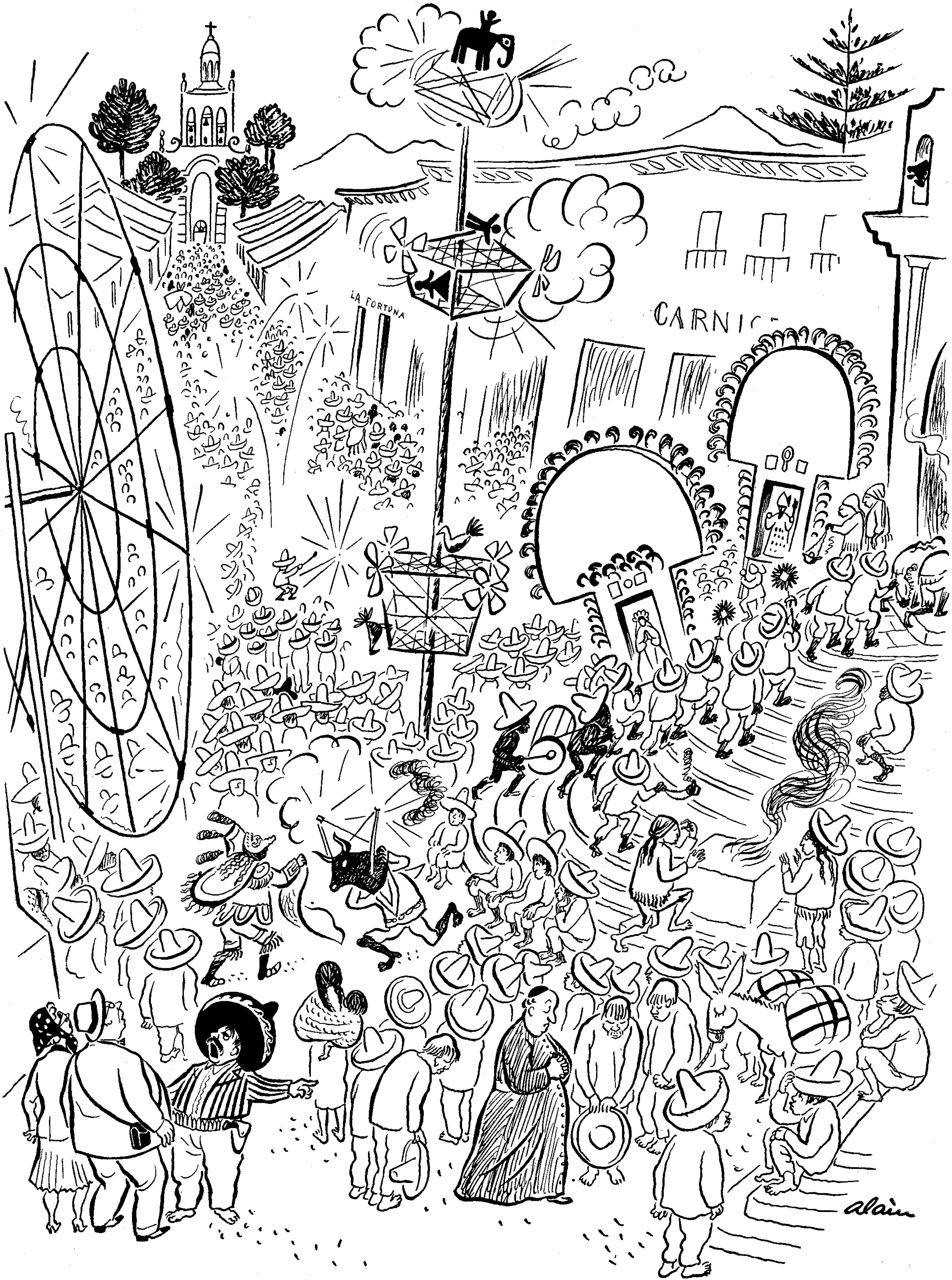
THE technical problems of total war are receiving due consideration from the advanced thinkers who frequent the Public Library. If the du Ponts will just look into Room 118—Science and Technology—some afternoon, they may very well learn a thing or two to their advantage. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Library's science-and-technology man, a small, mild fellow named Reginald Hawkins. "I have a motto I keep in my head every hour of the day," he told us. "It is 'Deference to all, respect to everyone.' Even if I think a man is crazy, I say to myself, 'Remember the helicopter.' Everybody thought that was just silly, and now look at Sikorsky. Also, I would call your attention to the matter of rockets. Everybody laughed at them, and now what have we got? Rocket bombs. Now we've even got an American Rocket Society." Mr. Hawkins' tolerance reached almost its maximum tension during the early excitement about artificial rubber. He used to have forty or fifty people in every day, jotting down formulae for dear life and snarling dangerously if they got the notion anybody was looking over their shoulders. Most of these fellows gave up when Mr. Jeffers announced that we were already extensively in production, but one of them is still grimly intent on perfecting his own formula, which, as nearly as Mr. Hawkins can figure out, is based on a brew of chewing gum and molasses cooked in a double boiler. "It comes out black," Mr. Hawkins told us. This scientist appears almost every day, hands Hawkins a mass of gook, and feverishly says, "Feel! It stretches!" "I'm probably the champion chewing-gum feeler of all time," Mr. Hawkins remarked to us.

The chief fault of the Room 118 inventors is that, even though their fundamental principles may be sound, they haven't yet learned that theory and practice are two different things. In support of this statement, Mr. Hawkins cited the case of a man who, after consulting some standard works on magnetic force and experimenting with a horseshoe magnet and a paper clip, gleefully announced that the submarine problem was now a thing of the past. He was just going to go to sea with an enormous magnet and pick up all the enemy submarines like so many paper clips. It was Mr. Hawkins' sad duty to point out that no magnet yet devised will lift anything near its own weight and that a magnet big enough to snag a submarine would be a damned hard thing to float. And yet, as Mr. Hawkins says, the man was probably merely a little ahead of his time; magnetic alloys are being developed that are expected to lift several hundred times their own weight, and these might very well be used someday to snag submarines. "It's not just a matter of paper clips and horseshoe magnets, though, and that's what it's hard to make them understand," Mr. Hawkins sighed. Another idea that was almost pretty good was a scheme whereby the Axis nations could be eradicated in a twinkling by means of radio-controlled aerial torpedoes launched from Kansas City, Missouri (it didn't *have* to be Kansas City, Missouri, as Mr. Hawkins understood it, but the inventor came from there and was sentimental). The bug in this one, Mr. Hawkins told us, was that nothing is as neutral as radio waves, and a knowing German physicist would have little trouble turning the torpedoes around and sending them straight back at Kansas City.

There is a chap in the Room 118 bunch who is convinced that heat and cold are elements and may be isolated and packed up for future use; for some time he toyed with the idea of assaulting Rommel with a sub-zero cold spell. Mr. Hawkins has always remembered one young fellow who came in just after gasoline rationing started. It was unusual enough that he was young—most of the Room 118 habitués are elderly—but also his idea was really startling. He said he had noticed, in pictures of Japanese street traffic, that the bigger the passenger was, the smaller was the ricksha boy. He believed the Japs were employing some sort of principle of physics, known only to themselves, which, if we could discover it, would permit us to decrease the pull on a gasoline motor by increasing the size of the load—something like that. Mr. Hawkins gave him "The Jinricksha and Related Vehicles," by Grove, the standard work, and his deferential, respectful blessing. After all, people laughed at Robert Fulton.

Majority

WE don't vouch for this one; maybe it's true, but you'd never get the Army to admit it. Anyhow, the idea is that many promising soldiers are being assigned to certain approved colleges for courses in engineering, and that the assignment is made alphabetically, and that of three hundred men recently sent to one small Southern college, two hundred and ninety-eight are named Brown.


LA FORTUNA
CARNIC
alain

"*Ask the padre. Maybe he knows what it's in honor of.*"

ENGLISH CLIMATE

As Gunner Brock opened the door of the recreation hut, a volley of rain came in, and a cat. He shut the door and turned to look at the cat. It was a new ginger, he noted. Cats came and went on the anti-aircraft site, and this annoyed Gunner Brock, who had a tidy mind and felt that cats should be permanent. One grievance flicked him into voicing another. "Perhaps you'll have got those books changed by the time I'm back," he said to Gunner Ives, who was sunk deep in a chair, reading.

A dozen exhausted volumes sagged on a shelf by the door. They represented not so much the eclecticism of the local Welfare Officer, who had brought them out from the Army Welfare Library a fortnight before, as the fact that he had, on that day, spent longer than usual over lunch.

"Not till I've finished 'The Wide Wide World,' " said Gunner Ives, who was a Marxist. "Just listen to this. . . ."

Gunner Brock fidgeted on one foot and then the other and finally interrupted him. "I've got to catch my train," he said.

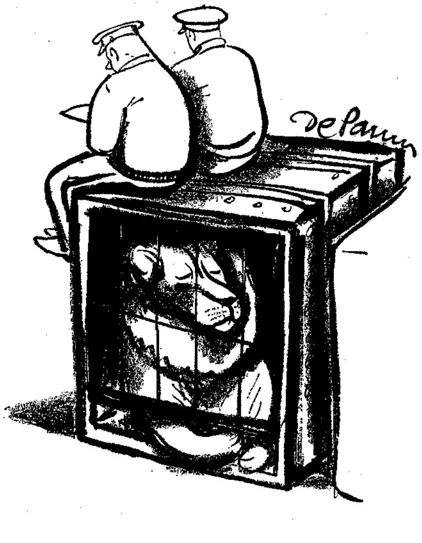
"Well," Gunner Ives said, his glance still drawn irresistibly toward the paragraph he had been reading, "so long. Have a good leave."

"Thanks," Brock said, and went out into the rain.

It was a five-mile walk to the station and the last mile and a half he hurried, but he needn't have; the afternoon train was nearly twenty minutes late. He found a seat in an empty compartment and disposed of his slight luggage in the rack overhead. The railway track ran within half a mile of the anti-aircraft site. Through the streaming window he saw briefly the huts, the smoke from the cookhouse chimney, and the searchlight and the locator in their canvas hoods. It looked as though some demented fair had set itself up on the heath and now waited for the arrival of customers.

By midday tomorrow he would be home. At midday tomorrow it would still be raining. He would spend the afternoon having a bath, wallowing at full length, hearing the chirp of rain in the gutters and the gentle wallop of the bath water running down the overflow pipe. There he would lie, reading. And downstairs would be Mother, rattling the tea things, Edna coming home from her office, then Dad. At seven Mother and Edna would go off to the Y.M.C.A. canteen, splashing so bravely through the wet. How on earth did women support life when there wasn't a war? What would Mother do when this war was over and the canteen was closed and she was left with but one son (if that, indeed) instead of those dozens of "my boys," toward all of whom she felt like a mother? A retired colonel, however fire-eating, takes up gardening, or plays golf or bridge, or busies himself with local administration, or rings migratory birds, for men are flippant, variable, easily amused. But to a woman's iron energies what appeasement can peace bring?

Left to themselves, he and Dad would wash up and get supper. The cat, the fixed and proper family cat, would rub around their legs. Once again he would feel that profound sensation of being indoors—a far more intimate sensation than that of merely being at home. Gradually he would adjust himself to small rooms, unechoing floors, passages, stairways, the complexity of a house. And upstairs, his bedroom, close-fitting as a thimble, would wait for him (being under the roof and next to the cistern, it was a cold little room); silently, privately, intensely, it was awaiting the moment when he would switch on the bedside lamp and shut the door after him. In that room he would slowly, luxuriously undress, and luxuriously slide between the sheets, and find the hot-water bottle, and lie for a breathing space listening to the rain, summoning his senses for that journey of the hand to the bookshelf. Which should it be? The fourth from the left was Boswell's Life, then the even ranks of the Fitzgerald Letters. In his fingers stirred a consciousness of how that bookshelf would feel: the orderly ranks, the smooth backs, the sharp corners—a world away from that heap of flaccid derelicts by the door of the recreation hut.



Waking at a burst of light and cold morning air as three schoolboys, smelling freshly of soap and early rising, climbed in over his legs, Gunner Brock saw that the weather had cleared. The sun was rising into a sky full of wind and movement. It was a stopping train, and the last two hours of his journey enforced the sense of homecoming, for the new passengers had the familiar local accent and intonation and talked of people and of places that he knew. At the stop before Dumbridge a woman got in who said, "Why, I do believe it's young Mr. Brock, isn't it?," and told him how wonderful his mother was, doing so much yet always ready to take on more, and Edna was wonderful, too, the woman added. All this was dulling to the edge of arrival. He seemed to have been arriving for hours. As he walked down the Station Road toward the High Street, home seemed to him primarily a place where he could put down his traps.

Turning into the High Street, he experienced a momentary impression that there had been an air raid. Heaped on the pavements were bedsteads and fire irons and kettles; Boy Scouts and Girl Guides were pushing hand carts laden with bundles of clothes; on the wine merchant's doorstep was a parcel of parchment-bound ledgers, neatly fastened together; and from the house beyond, an old woman came out who carried a bird cage and a large, tolling hand bell. The Union Jack flew from the church tower. Stretched across the street, banging and bellying in the wind, was a wide calico streamer: "DUMB . . . NATION . . . AGE . . ." ("DUMBRIDGE NATIONAL SALVAGE WEEK"). Midway up the street was a whippet tank, so flimsy, so outmoded, that for an instant he supposed that some citizen, cherishing it as a garden ornament, had now relinquished it for salvage, but of course it was there to show the good people of Dumbridge what could be done with their iron bedsteads. Beyond the whippet tank was a long, meandering trail, a dingy caterpillar whose meaning became clear to him as a woman's voice behind exclaimed, "Just look at the book mile! Where on earth have they all come from?" "What a clearance!" replied her companion.

At first he thought he would turn into a side street and so avoid this miserable spectacle of disgraced books laid out ready for the junk collectors. But he was too angry to spare himself, and walked on, countering his distress by reflecting on the kind of books Dumbridge could muster up: "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Hints to Fly Fishers," "Anecdotes of European Courts," and volumes of poetry called "Tally-Ho" or "By Quiet Waters." "If I see a copy of 'Jessica's First Prayer,' I'll pinch it for Ives," he told himself.

So, inevitably, he began to look, to loiter. Montaigne's Essays—good Lord, who would have thought Dumbridge could produce them! "Paradise Lost"—that was not so surprising. "Letters of Queen Victoria"—oh, poor Ives! "Collected Poems," Edward Thomas—now who, he wondered, owning that and reading it too, for it had the unmistakable warmed look of a well-read copy, could have cast it out into a book mile? He picked it up. The moment it was in his hand, as though some electricity leaped from the book to the man, he knew whose copy it was. He did not need the confirmation of the flyleaf: "Edwin Brock. April, 1934." He put it back and walked on, as though walking on would abolish, annul, what had happened. But the book mile kept up with him; in a moment he would be compelled to open his senses again, to walk slowly, to trail his glance from cover to cover, waiting for another recognition. What nonsense! He would go back and rescue it. It was his book.

A voice said, "Edwin Brock, I do declare!" It was Mr. Cheeseman, chemist and town councillor of Dumbridge and old family friend. "Delighted to see you, my boy! I thought it must be you from the way you were studying those old books. You were always one for books, weren't you? Well, what do you think of it? Pretty good, eh?"

"Is there really a mile of it?" Edwin asked.

"Well, between you and me, no. But it goes as far as the Boer Memorial. And every inch of it a gift, you know."

"People bring their books, do they?" Edwin asked. "And add them on?"

"Some do," Mr. Cheeseman said. "On our opening day you should have seen them come running out of their houses. Of course, by now it's beginning to dry up and we have to help out the look of it by books that have come in as ordinary salvage. But it's all genuine salvage, genuine Dumbridge Borough salvage, whoever puts it there. As for the old garden hoses and the brass doorknobs and the aluminium, you'd never believe it. Why, people have even brought out their medals!"

My Fitzgerald's Letters must be here somewhere, Brock thought; the old "Bevis" I bought when I was thirteen, and dropped into the river, and dived for; and my Nonesuch Swift.

"And every scrap of it good for something," said Mr. Cheeseman with reverence. "Every scrap of it useful at long last. You can tell the army that we're doing our best for you. Well, here we are at the Memorial. And you can see it comes right up to here. I'm going your way, as it happens, so I'll walk with you. Mill Street looks a bit naked, doesn't it, with the railings gone?"

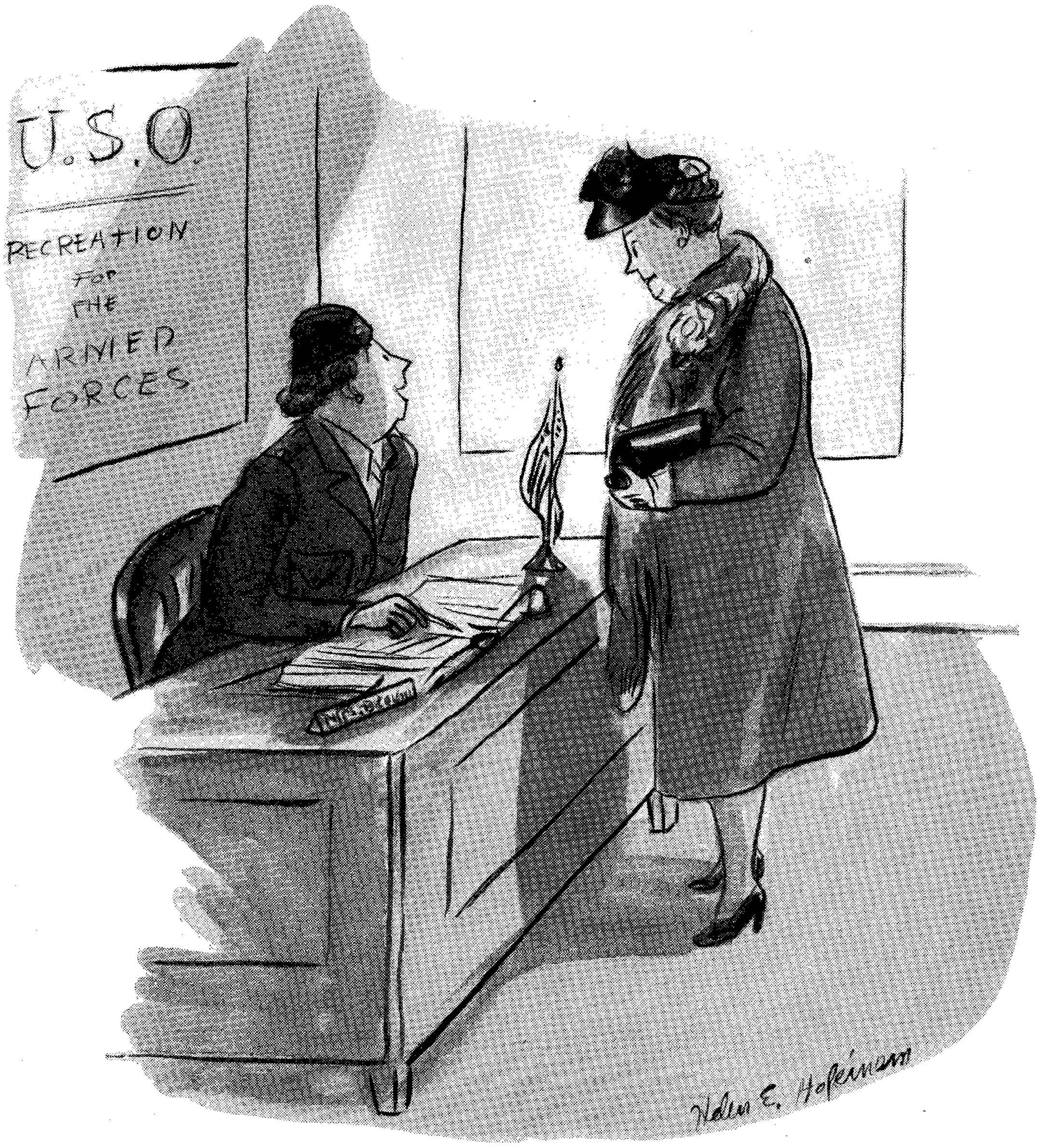
"Yes, it does a bit."

"There's your mother waiting for you," Mr. Cheeseman said.

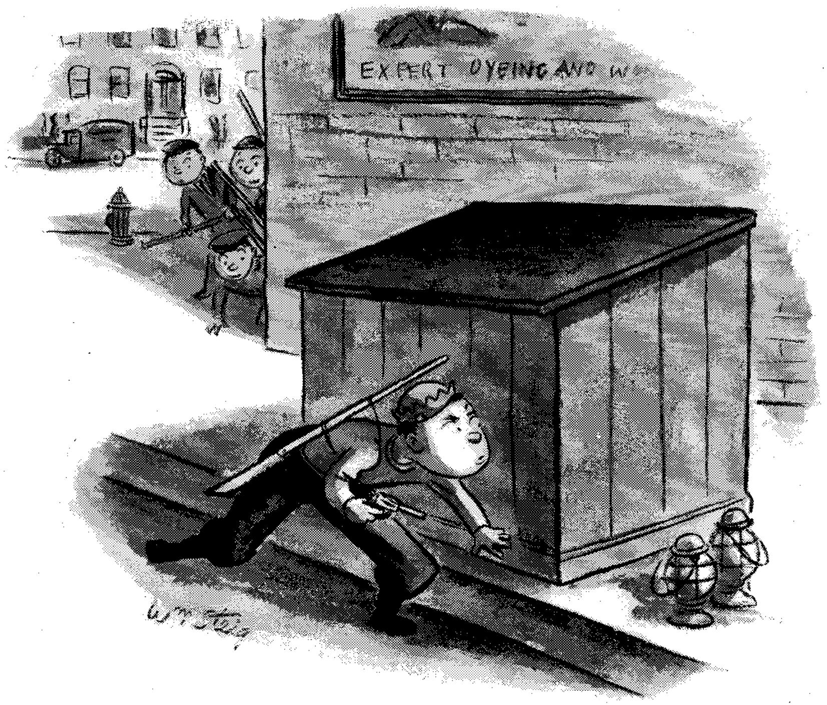
She was standing on the doorstep, some knitting in her hands. When she saw Edwin, she waved the knitting and then added some more stitches.

"Here's my boy!"

Her first glance was for his sleeve. No stripes, and, as he had foreseen, her face fell. Then, just as he had also foreseen, she reassumed that air of resolute buoyancy, the expression which in old days he and Edna had called Mother's Mrs. Greatheart, and began to tell him how well he looked, how much broader he had grown, and that she had actually got a duck for din-


U.S.O
RECREATION FOR THE ARMED FORCES

"Why, what a marvellous idea, Mrs. Ellis! I think soldiers and sailors would love to go through your tulips."



SMALL FRY

Reconnaissance

ner, though of course it was only a small one.

"I explained to Mr. Trump that you were coming back on leave," she said, "and he swore to do his utmost. People are so wonderfully kind! Oh, and that reminds me, Mr. Cheeseman. I can't manage Thursday, because I am at Report Centre in the morning, and then I shall be packing Prisoners' Parcels instead of poor Mrs. West—it's so sad for her that she gets these incessant colds just now—and after that I have the canteen, of course, and then the Working Party, and then the canteen again. Besides, I must keep a morsel of time for my Edwin now he's here."

She laid her hand on his disgraceful sleeve and continued to discuss dates with Mr. Cheeseman. Edna appeared. She looked extraordinarily tired, shabby, and sterile. "So you managed to get off for the duck and Edwin," said her mother.

Indoors, there was a delicious smell of roast duck and a smell of daffodils. The table was spread with a damask so white that it seemed to sparkle, and by his place was his old mug and two bottles of beer. Edna went to wash her hands.

"My darling!" Mrs. Brock said to her son. "My ducky! How I've been longing for this!" And for that moment she was quite genuine, and looked old and careworn and at the same time girlishly excited and vulnerable.

"Edna looks rotten," he said. "What's wrong with her?"

Instantly his mother began to bridle.

"I daresay she's tired. We're all a little tired, you know. And then, poor Edna, it's rather depressing for her not being allowed to join up in the A.T.S. But Mr. Ransom won't release her. And as I tell her, even if she has to stay in a civilian job, she's freeing someone else, so really it's just the same thing."

"Better money, anyway," Edwin said.

All through the meal it was like that. A devil spoke, not him, snubbing every advance, deriding every brag. And the poor old woman, gallant and obtuse, came back every time for more punishment. Even the duck he could only praise by saying that one didn't get that sort of food in canteens, and a mention of fire-watching provoked a belittling inquiry as to how many bombs had fallen on Dumbridge—none, as he well knew, having fallen. Yet he had not meant it, and even now did not mean it. Walking beside old Cheeseman, he had settled with himself that it was no use scolding over spilt milk, that there was nothing for it but philosophy. One was always being philosophic in the army, so why not be philosophic at home, too, where at least there was peace and quiet to be won by keeping one's temper? But suddenly there was nothing left but to know the worst and, pushing back his chair, he ran from the room.

WHEN he came back, Edna was carrying out a trayful of dishes. His mother was sitting by the window. Her knitting was on her lap, but for once she was not knitting. She was looking at a pot of newly opened daffodils and blinking, as though their pure color hurt her eyes.

"What's happened to my books?" he cried. "What have you been doing with my books?"

She turned to him, and it intensified his fury to see that her expression was one of relief. "Your books, darling? I brought them down here, to keep dry. All the good ones—your prizes and the encyclopedia."

"Oh!" he said. "Then why did I see so many of them in that damned book mile of yours?"

"Oh, those were only the old things. Edna and I went through them most carefully, I'm sure. And one must do something," she added, losing her temper because she was afraid, "we poor civilians in a poor old town that doesn't even get a bomb on it. Surely you wouldn't grudge a few old books for national salvage! Think what it means to the country!"

"Why didn't you burn them," he said, "and get some fun out of it, like they do in Germany?"

"Burn them? *Burn a book?* Why, for months now we've been lighting the fires with gorse and shavings. There's no paper burned in this house, I can tell you. Every scrap of it goes into salvage. Burn a book? Why, your father's even given up his shaving calendar!"

Edwin began to laugh. He laughed on and on, like a maniac, for each idiot peal deferred the moment when he would have to decide between keeping his grudge or going out to retrieve what he could from the book mile.

His mother went to the door. "Edna!" she called. "Edna, take your mack. It's coming on to rain again, a regular downpour. Such a pity, on Edwin's first afternoon, too!" And, returning, she knelt down stiffly before the grate, saying that on such a wretched afternoon they really must have a fire. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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Any preconceived pictures you have of Soviet women as tall, husky Amazons will have to be revised for Orlikova. She is 14 feet 10.—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

Darn these preconceptions of ours!

THE LILAC BUSH

WHEN Dorothy Sprague closed the front door, she was careful to use the antiqued wrought-iron latch so as not to leave fingerprints on the fresh white paint. It had rained the night before, and there were small pools on the newly seeded lawn and around the pink cement flagstones of the path that led to the garage. She stepped carefully in her tan-and-white saddle shoes, avoiding the muddy puddles. Under one arm she carried a bundle of soiled clothes wrapped in a sheet on which was pinned a neat laundry list.

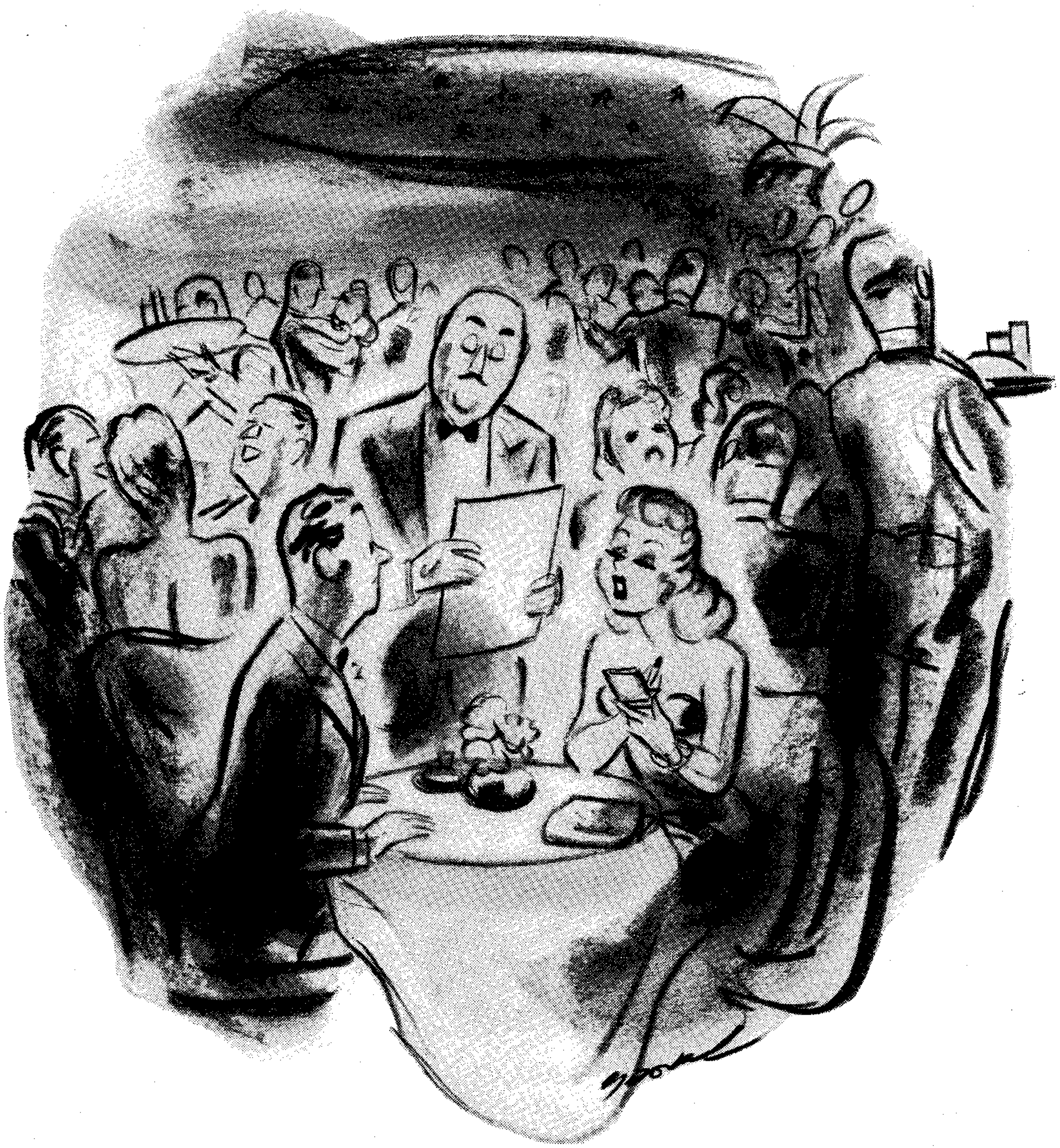
In the garage she opened the door of her canary-colored Ford sedan and threw the laundry onto the back seat. Then she walked to the door of the garage and stood looking at the house. It rose, white and immaculate, from the dark earth, and she had the disconcerting feeling that it did not look at all like the water color submitted by the architect who designed it. The architect's sketch had depicted a charming white house with blue shutters and gracious pillars, surrounded by stately elms and a lawn which might have been made of Paris green and a superior quality of velvet. A man whose enthusiasms knew no bounds, he had dotted the lawn lavishly with shrubs and flowers, all blooming riotously. Unfortunately, he had put his visions down in primary colors, and Mrs. Sprague in her faith had framed his dream and kept it.

Now she could see the lattice that should have been heavy with blue morning-glories effectively hiding the dish towels drying on the clothes reel. The lattice was spotted with mud, and there was not a sign of budding green beneath it. The ground that sloped from the house to the garage had been washed away in places, revealing barren spots of gravel, and the barberry bushes at the side of the house looked stunted and sick. She glanced up to her bedroom window and down to the ground again, where a few sticks of something grew. This was the lilac bush that had been planted to send the delicate scent of its lavender blossoms into her room, so that, in the first moment of awakening each morning, she would be instantly aware of the fact that Beauty was almost everything.

Poor soil and a reluctant New England spring had dealt heavy blows to Mrs. Sprague. It had been impossible to plant any shrubs until the frost was out of the ground, and in the drenching rains grass seed had rolled like quicksilver about the space set apart for lawn.

THE Spragues had built their house on a flat stretch of land directly off the main road, and while there had been practically no grading to do, there had also, with the exception of a few clumps of red alder and several small maples, been no trees. This problem was temporarily solved for Mrs. Sprague by the architect, who pictured greenery with a lavish hand, and for a while she was content to live in the future. In fact, there had been a moment when Mrs. Sprague's ideas and the architect's dream met and mated. Mrs. Sprague remembered the moment well. She had been sitting on the chintz-covered couch in the Talbot place, which she had rented for the summer, and the architect, a young man named Frisbie Jones, appeared at the door in Basque trousers and a striped orange pullover and placed the masterpiece they had conceived together in her hands. "Here is Still Waters!" he had cried. "Finished, perfect, and completely *you!*"

Their foreheads had touched as they bent over the enchanting water color of the house. It had been an immaculate conception. Mrs. Sprague was filled with a sort of ecstasy to think that Frisbie Jones had seen into her soul and found nothing worse than white paint, blue shutters with candlesticks cut out of their centres, slim Doric pillars, iron



"I think I'll have this Cordon Rouge '29—I'm terribly thirsty."

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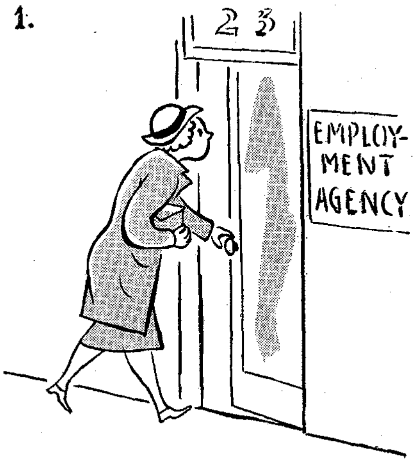

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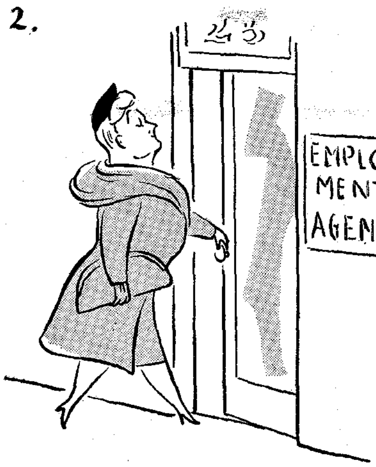

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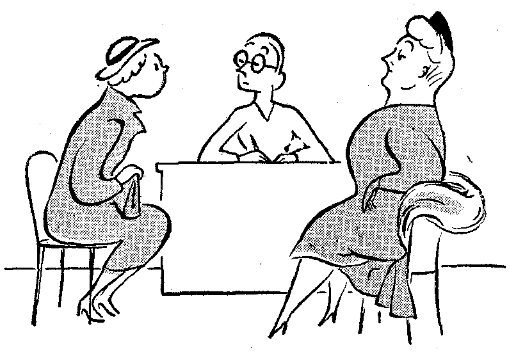

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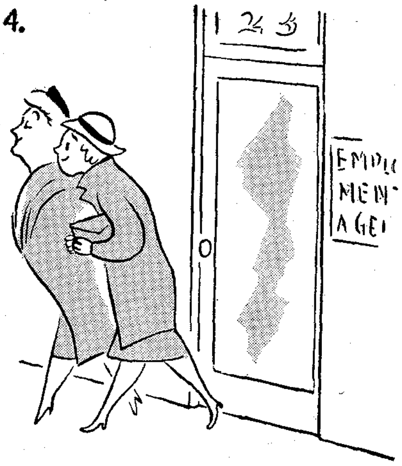

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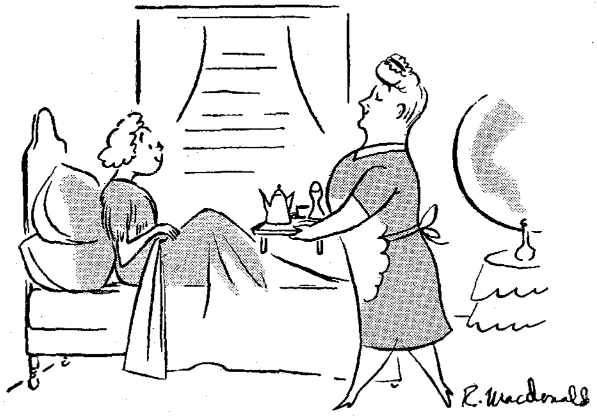


hinges, a watertight roof of red tile, a gravel driveway, a barely visible cement foundation, and a garden in full bloom. Mr. Jones was aware, too, of the exquisite distinctions between the charming and the practical, as a brief glance at the blueprints showed. He had an eye for wall plugs, linen closets, pantry space, and enough bathrooms. And while Mrs. Sprague felt that these rather prosaic details were not expressive of her personality, it was reassuring to know that in spite of his Basque trousers Mr. Jones had another side.

After he had left, still bubbling over with ideas, she fell back on the couch and laid the painting of the house face down on her substantial breasts. It was as though a child rested there.

She had kept faith with Mr. Jones through the long, tedious winter while the house took shape. She kept faith with him when the cellar flooded and the place became as chill and damp as a tomb. She was still speaking to him when the front door warped and the Venetian blinds turned out to be an inch too narrow. Mr. Jones had an optimism that blinded her. It was not until he went back to New York with the check for his services in his pocket and she was faced with a weekend in the shrill newness of the house that doubt entered her mind. Within a half hour after Frisbie Jones drove away in his new car, Mr. Sprague had discovered that two of the closet doors wouldn't stay shut and that the wallpaper had begun to peel in the guest room. These, Mrs. Sprague told her husband bravely, were minor details, but when she stood at the window of the living room and looked out onto the vast expanse of mud, water, and dwarfed shrubbery, her heart turned to stone.

NOW, a month later, the first feeling of dull resentment against the inadequate good earth had given way to a slow, smoldering anger. She almost hated the house, which seemed to have substance without permanence. She felt that her nostrils would never be free from the heavy odor of new paint and damp plaster. She inhaled deeply, and the smell clung and mingled with the scent of drenched black soil. She turned back toward the car, climbed in, and banged the door shut. As she backed down the driveway, small pebbles crunched under the tires and rattled against the fenders.

She drove slowly along the main road, through the self-conscious, trim little village, and branched into the west lane. At the last house on the lane, she brought the car to a stop. Mrs. Howard's house was weatherbeaten and bare of paint. Part of the roof had rotted away and been replaced by tar paper. The front porch was threaded with clotheslines heavy with the weight of wet sheets.

Mrs. Sprague pulled the laundry from the back seat of the car and carried it to the side door of the house. Sniffing a faint fragrance in the air, she set the bundle on the sagging steps and walked toward the back of the house. Near the gray clapboards was a lilac bush covered with dark purple blossoms. The bush grew higher than the roof of the house and its branches were sturdy and gnarled. She stepped over rusty tin cans and bits of broken glass until she stood under the soft, green leaves. Cool, fluttering flowers from the sprays fell on her hair and brushed her cheek. Reaching up, she pulled the branches down. She stood still, burying her face in them and filling her lungs with their clean perfume. Then she let the branches go and walked back to the side door.

Mrs. Howard was ironing and the kitchen was hot. Unwashed dishes were piled in the iron sink and a washing machine chugged in the corner by the stove. "I saw you walk by the window," Mrs. Howard said brightly. "Everybody that comes by seems to want to have a look at the lylocks. I think they're real nice myself."

Mrs. Sprague put the laundry on the floor. "Yes," she said.

"Pick yourself a bunch when you

go." Mrs. Howard set the iron on end and took a bundle wrapped in newspapers from the kitchen table. "There's no starch in the shirts, like you told me."

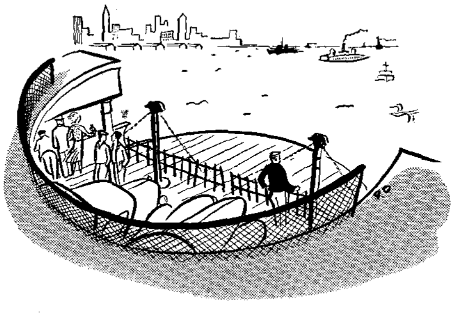
"How much do I owe you?" Mrs. Sprague asked.

"A dollar and forty cents."

Mrs. Sprague opened her bag and took a dollar, a quarter, a dime, and a nickel and laid them on the ironing board. "I'd love a bunch, if you don't mind."

"Help yourself," Mrs. Howard said. She picked up the iron and went on with her work.

MRS. SPRAGUE closed the door behind her and went down the steps. She walked to her car and set the clean laundry carefully on the back seat. Then, taking off her gloves, she went back to the lilac bush and reached up once more for the branches. At first she picked the sprays slowly, taking care not to twist the stems or crush the blossoms, but as she picked she worked faster, until she was ripping huge branches from the bush. The wood on the heavy trunk lay bare in spots and she could smell the odor of the green, fresh wood. As she tore the lilacs from the bush she let them fall to the ground, and as she walked around the bush she stepped on them. Her hands were stained and sore, and she panted as she grabbed at the branches that grew almost beyond her reach. Tiny petals clung to her sweater and covered her hair. She stooped and gathered the lilacs from the ground until her arms were full. Then, leaving the ground strewn with sprays she could not carry, she hurried to her car. Her face was flushed and hot, and the scent of the blossoms in the closeness of the car was sickening. Leaning over, she opened the window and looked back at the lilac bush. It swayed in the breeze, still burdened with its blossoms, alive and sturdy. She opened the door of the car and swept the lilacs out onto the road. But, although she opened all the windows and drove swiftly home, their scent lingered on her sweater and in her hair. —SALLY BENSON



A MODERATELY IMPASSIONED MEMORANDUM PROTESTING AGAINST UNFAIR ATTACKS UPON JUMPING, ORTHOPTEROUS INSECTS

ESPECIALLY THOSE OF THE FAMILIES ACRIDIIDAE AND LOCUSTIDAE

There's no place today for the man with the "grasshopper mind."—*From an adv. of the Pelman Institute of America in the Times Magazine.*

Upon what ancient, specious fables have you browsed,
Dear Institute, that you should loose high-powered sneers
At one of the most admirable creatures,
And at bottom one of the most sensible,
To be encountered in all entomology?

Do you, in your denunciation, refer to the wonderful,
Iridescent, great green hopper of Europe
(Known to some of us as *Locusta viridissima*),
Or our common red-leg (*Melanopus femur-rubrum*),
Or the multitudinous hopper of the West
Whom we fanciers call *Melanopus spretus?*
What matter? We may assume they're all grasshoppers
In your book, and therefore unmitigated fools,
And sadly in need of a dose of Pelmanism.

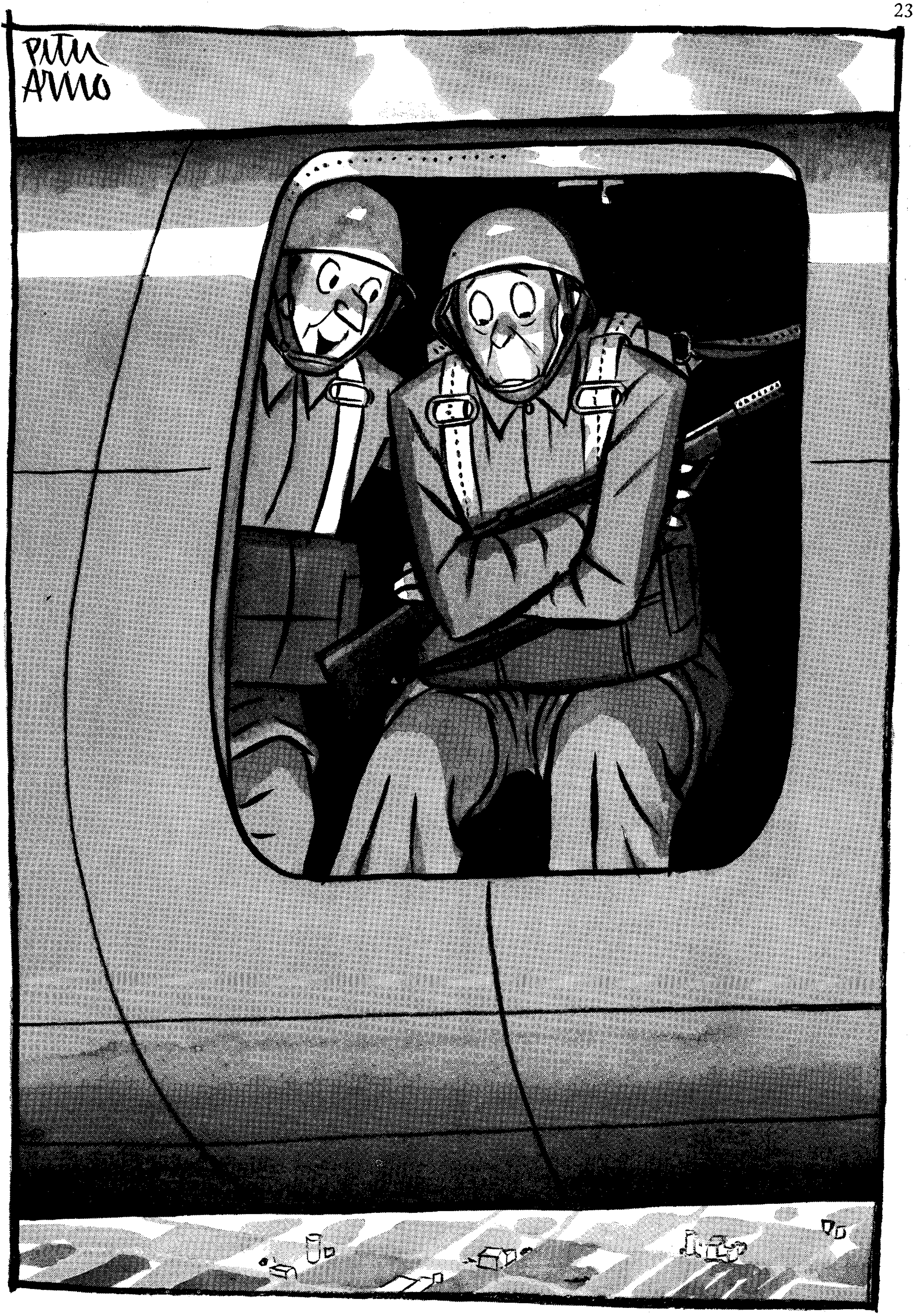
Little good will it do you, dear Institute,
To quote Aesop and Solomon in your predicament.
Don't give us that sickly stuff about the ant,
And how he is wise because he concentrates,
And sees ahead, and works his paws to the bone,
Especially in the summer, which was made for play.
Gentlemen, the ant is a faceless drudge with Nazi mind.
One might as well admire the cockroach,
That skittish kitchen sneak with Fascist manners,
Or the foul Japanese beetle that feeds upon
The rosebush beside which the hoppers play.

Have you perhaps, you Pelman boys, underrated
The grasshopper because he is democratic, gregarious,
And has an eternal yen for the good things of life?
Mark you, you critics, he can be terrible in battle.
Witness the fearful panic of old Brigham Young
When the hopper hordes came down on the Mormon crops.
Only Jehovah himself, who called out His sea gulls
By the millions, could stop that hungering green wave.
And look up, sometime, what the enraged grasshoppers
Did in Egypt and Oklahoma. They march in fury.
Not poison, nor fences, nor even walls of fire
Stay the patient onrush of their awful mandibles.

But peace—peace with honor and reasonable leisure—
Is what the sane grasshopper really craves
(Though he may be prey to vagrant goose and turkey gobbler).
He seeks peace in which to preen his translucent wings,
To flex the smooth and mighty muscles of his legs,
And to fiddle with his sensitive antennae.
He knows, and accepts the fact urbanely, nonchalantly,
That there may be a winter, but also spring will come,
When the long meadows will be green and sweet again,
And he can disport himself with prodigious leaps
Amid the huzzas of his admiring colleagues,
With no motive except ordinary *joie de vivre.*

Who are you, droll Pelmanites, to suspect
That his mental processes are in any way screwy?

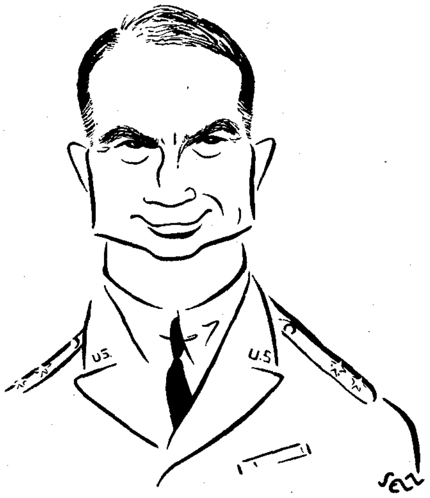
—STANLEY WALKER



"Look at it this way—you're the baby sparrow and I'm the mamma sparrow."

PROFILES

FIND 'EM, FIX 'EM, AND FIGHT 'EM—II



Major General Terry Allen

THE region east and south of Gafsa, in Tunisia, is flat and bare, except for a few ridges of rugged hills, which have great tactical importance precisely because they are scarce. During the early months of the North African campaign, American armored units moved about this country pretty much at will, but they could never hold it, the reason being that no infantry was available to occupy the hills and stay on them. Tanks would loop around some insignificant railroad station or a tiny oasis, report that they had captured it, bring a few frightened Italian prisoners back, and leave control of the territory to the enemy. All this happened because whoever packed the Army's lunch basket for this battle zone apparently forgot to include any infantry. During part of last winter the so-called American Corps in the area included a full armored division and a single infantry battalion, while all the territory back of the front line was apparently held only by echelons of the Air Command. Travellers between Algiers and the front occasionally saw a stray platoon of infantry, usually guarding an airport, but on the whole, foot soldiers seemed the rarest component of an expeditionary force that was lavishly provided with senior staff officers, Red Cross workers, and tinned sweet potatoes. While mechanized forces shuttled about, conducting raids and reconnaissance but unable to occupy strong points that would have menaced Rommel's withdrawal northward and made the big German raid in February impossible, Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen, commander of the First Infantry Division, sweated it out, in the Army phrase, behind the lines. He had just about no infantry, because nearly all his battalions had been taken from him one by one and farmed out to various French, British, and American generals with whom he was personally unacquainted. Separately, the battalions did not seem to be accomplishing much. Infantry, like whiskey, loses potency when too liberally diluted.

The detachment in this fashion of a number of units from a division is not an unprecedented misfortune to a commanding officer, and some generals bear it more philosophically than others. One week a division may be at full strength, plus a couple of attached battalions, and the next week it may be down to two-thirds of its strength. "It's like a crap game," General Allen says. "One round you've got a fistful of five-dollar bills, and a couple of rounds later you have to borrow a buck from the guy next to you so you can roll the dice." Divisional commanders and staffs, when they are not actually in combat, spend much of their time abducting units from other divisions. They cajole the commanders of other divisions into lending them men (a good time to catch an outfit is just as it steps off the boat) with fair words or ply them with liquor in the manner of an old-fashioned crimp shanghaiing sailors. When they have won a commander over, they try to distract the attention of corps headquarters from their accomplishment by breaking the borrowed unit into small detachments and never mentioning it above a whisper. Allen, although a past master of this routine, had such a run of adversity that at one point last winter his command, for all practical purposes, was down to a couple of battalions and Joe Penici, the orderly who presses his pants. His plight seemed particularly unmerited; he had made the First Division an excellent fighting tool, which had landed under fire and encircled and captured the city of Oran, where the French troops had fought well against his men for three days. In that engagement, the First Division, which cannot be confused with the First Armored Division, a neighbor on the Tunisian front, without causing grave offense to both parties, gave a fine demonstration of Allen's favorite doctrine, which he sums up in the expression "Find 'em, fix 'em, and fight 'em." Part of the division, finding the French in a strong position in the suburb of St. Cloud, bypassed their position on both flanks and went on to take Oran behind their backs, a tactical feat the memory of which sustained Allen later on when his division was being chipped away.

At full strength, a modern infantry division has four or more battalions of field artillery, and each of its three infantry regiments has one cannon company and an anti-tank company; moreover, each infantry battalion, of which there are three to a regiment, has a heavy-weapons company of mortars. All in all, the infantry division is no longer composed exclusively of pedestrians equipped with rifles. General Allen's division at present also includes an engineer battalion, a signal battalion, a reconnaissance company, which rides in jeeps and scout cars, and all sorts of service troops. When it is in action, a tank-destroyer battalion of self-propelled anti-tank guns on armored mounts is almost always attached to it. The arrival of Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., to take command of the American forces on the Tunisian front appeared to bring Allen and the First Division luck, for they found themselves reunited for a coördinated drive when the Americans moved east on Rommel's flank and the Eighth Army moved north to attack the Mareth Line. It was the middle of March when Patton gave the First Division the mission of recapturing and holding Gafsa, and this move involved the first employment of a considerable body of American infantry in the Gafsa region, which is preëminently infantry country.

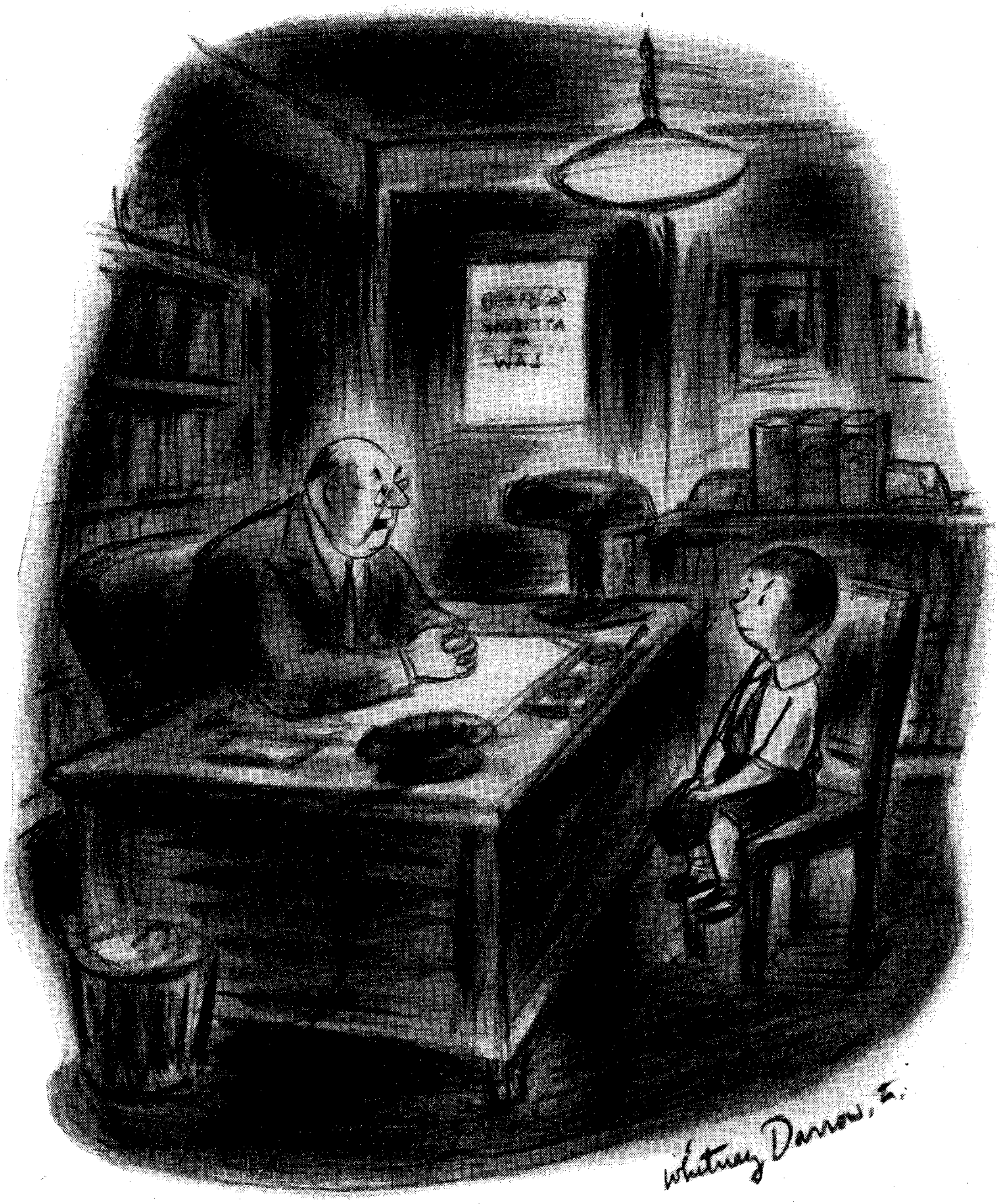
THE First Division was in camp fifty miles northwest of Gafsa at nightfall on March 16th. The Americans had withdrawn from Gafsa, Fériana, and Thélepte in February and then gone back part of the way, but the country for twenty miles north of Gafsa was still no man's land, presumably peppered with German mine fields. Just before sunset First Division scouts reported Italian or German tanks mucking about over the site the divisional staff had chosen for its March 17th command post. The division climbed into trucks and got under way after dark and reached its jumping-off points by four o'clock the next morning. Approximately fifteen thousand men moved in motor vehicles through the blackness over perilous ground, following paths marked out by reconnaissance parties of engineers. The entire operation took place almost without loss from mines. Divisional military police directed traffic along the desert trails branching off from the Fériana-Gafsa road with the same calm ill nature exhibited by New York traffic cops. The movement forward was made in successive waves, each of which had its own assigned destination and arrival time. Allen himself rode in the sixth wave, in a jeep. When the jeep had gone three-quarters of the way, the General's driver, Sergeant Jimmy Mimms, was halted by an M.P., who said, in a good Flatbush voice, "What outfit chas outuv?" "Division headquarters," Mimms said, with hauteur. "Wynchas git on da ball?" the M.P. said. "Ya four minutes late."

"When a cop bawls you out for being four minutes late in the sixth echelon of a division moving across mine fields at three in the morning, you know it's a good outfit," Allen recently said. Actually, Mimms stepped on the gas and the General reached his assigned post three minutes early.

The responsibility for planning such a move falls upon G-3, the operations section of the divisional staff; the head of G-3, in this instance, was Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Gibb. However, only a unit that is clicking perfectly can execute G-3's plans properly. At dawn the American troops were in attacking positions northwest, northeast, and southwest of Gafsa. The place fell without much resistance. The Italian garrison pulled out to the southeast under artillery fire and the Americans entered the ancient town, which is on a hill in the middle of an oasis.

Allen was pleased with the smoothness of the performance, but he was uneasy, too, because he could not believe that the enemy would relinquish the region without a fight. There are two or three ranges of hills around the oasis of El Guettar, which is twelve miles southeast of Gafsa, and the General thought of them the way a dentist thinks about the possibly infected roots of a tooth. Two nights later his division slipped out of Gafsa with the same noiseless ease it had achieved in the other night move and attacked two of the ridges south of El Guettar. A Ranger battalion attached to the division attacked at four in the morning at one spot and at six the infantry attacked at another. They found the enemy forces in strong positions, but these troops were sleepy, half-starved Italians who surrendered in droves and wept for joy when presented with canned rations, to our men the most despised form of Army nourishment. Allen's troops took slightly more than a thousand prisoners. There was not one German in the lot, and the only evidence of German support of the Italians was the energetic dive-bombing of American gun positions in the late afternoon. The Stukas destroyed two field pieces and killed their crews—by far the heaviest single American loss of the day.

Allen, who in peacetime war schools had appeared to his superiors to be a slapdash, reckless sort of fellow—an impression reinforced by his conversation and mannerisms—is, in fact, a worrier. "It's all gone like maneuvers so far," he said shortly after taking the two ridges. "It can't be right." He wanted to make a night advance on Djebel Berda, the only ridge left unexplored, but he was dissuaded by his regimental commanders, who pointed out



"Don't you think you're a bit young to be suing the government?"

I LOVE YOU (ADVT.)

When the doorbell rings and the company arrives,
Yes, I promise to be nice.
I will be attentive when the stale anecdote is told,
I will pour the drinks and chop the ice.
I will never humiliate you again in public,
Nor will we argue in the department stores or in a train.
I will be considerate. When it rains
I will wait with an umbrella for you in the rain.
The rent will be paid, the house will be clean,
The gladioli watered in the yellow vase.
I will avoid openly admiring the girl with the green
And mysterious eyes, nor will I discuss
Again what an uncertain future conceals from us.
Whatever monsters I imagine I will tame,
Saw the horn off the unicorn, feed him oats;
The Persian princess will eventually disappear.
I will sign whatever checks need signing with my name,
Deny whatever rumors I may hear
Of adultery or of blackmail or of severed throats.

—Alfred Hayes

• •

that the men had been on the move throughout the previous night and then had climbed hills and captured Italians all day, an exercise almost as fatiguing as fighting. Some officers thought it certain that the remnants of the Italian force at Gafsa had already pulled out of the district and were on their way to the coast road and northern Tunisia, but the General gave orders to advance on Djebel Berda the next day anyway.

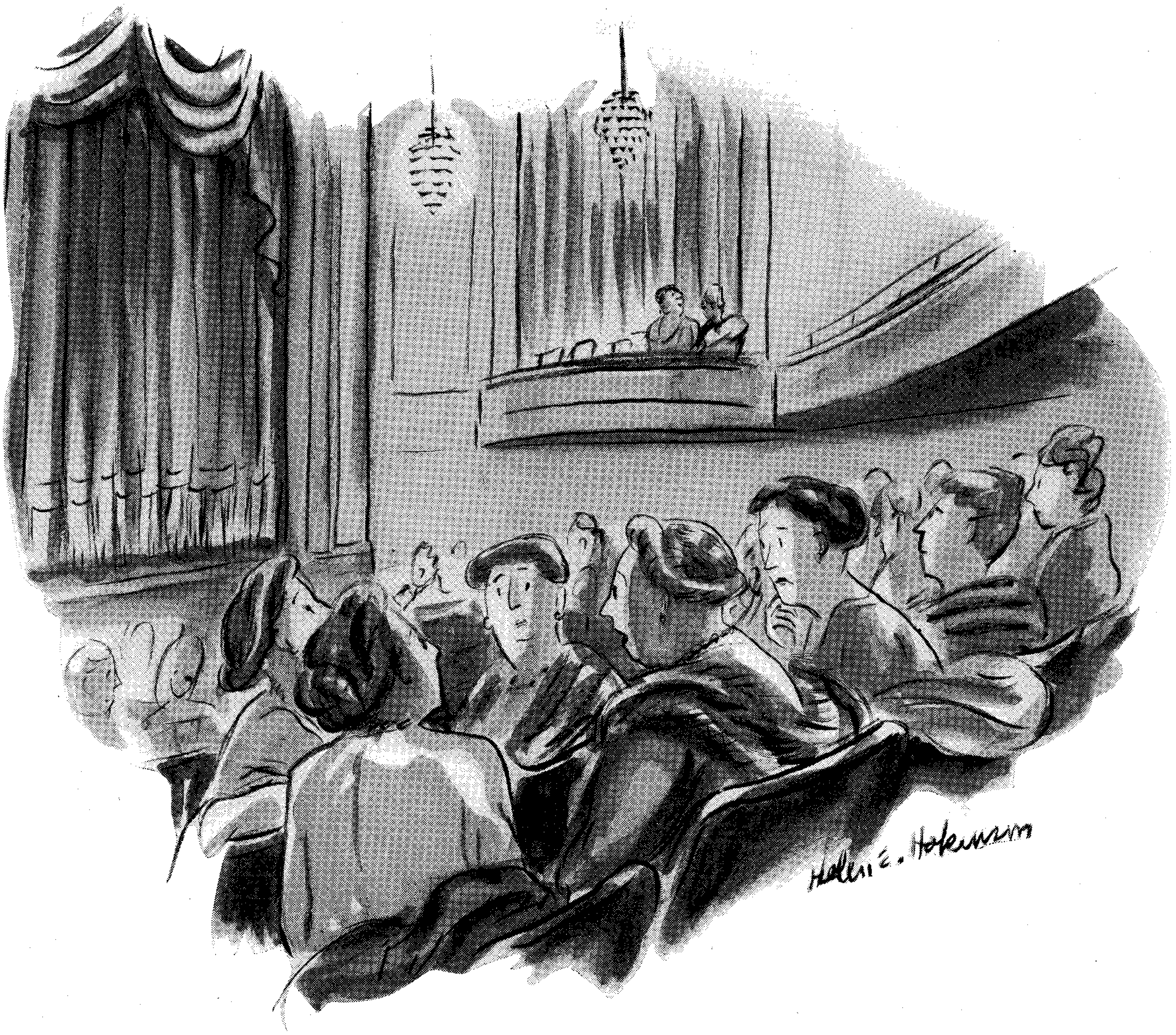
THIS action took place on two ridges of hills which form an amphitheatre that is open at both ends. The Americans, who already held the ridge which forms the northern side of the amphitheatre, moved infantry by truck to both ends of the arc opposite them. The infantry detachments at the two ends then worked inward toward each other, for the enemy was supposed to be, if he was in the neighborhood at all, on the southern ridge at the centre of the arc, at the point where the amphitheatre was widest. If the battlefield had been a football stadium, the enemy would have had a seat on the fifty-yard line. General Allen, together with Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., his assistant divisional commander, and a group of artillery officers, watched the proceedings from a correspondingly advantageous position on the American ridge. American artillery fired over their heads, blasting a spot on the hills across the way, where the enemy was supposed to be. G-2, the intelligence section of the divisional staff, had reported that two thousand Italian troops with three batteries of artillery were on Djebel Berda, but some skeptics still insisted that they must have pulled out. A force that size could not hope to hold out against a division, they argued, so it had probably vanished toward the coast.

Our infantry detachments, using ground cover and visible from the observation post only occasionally, and then just for a moment or two at a time, carried out their slow advance for four hours without a sign of enemy activity, as our guns continued to pound his ridge. The situation was beginning to get slightly embarrassing for Allen and adherents of the no-enemy theory were starting to speak up when puffs of white smoke broke out on the opposite ridge at points in front of the advancing infantry. The enemy was firing on our men with mortars, and our infantry was temporarily pinned down. Our artillery searched for the mortar positions and evidently found them, for the mortar fire ceased and our infantry moved on again. Allen, on his hillside, looked pleased with himself, like a dentist whose probe has at last hit the sensitive spot. He had found trouble.

By nightfall our infantry reported that the enemy apparently was caught in our pincers, where he could be finished off by a night or dawn attack. The Americans were now on both ridges, our artillery was comfortably tucked in behind our infantry—like a fighter's chin behind his left shoulder—and Allen returned to the command post, where headquarters tents had been pitched under trees on low ground a few miles north of the western entrance to the stadium of hills.

At five o'clock the next morning some tanks of the Tenth German Panzer Division appeared on the plain between the two ridges. They had, it was discovered, entered the stadium through gullies in a part of the ridge still held by the Italian infantry, and they began the day by trying to climb a slope and overrun the batteries of American artillery which had been posted below our ridge. Our infantry and gunners stood firm, and our artillery shot through several of the tanks. Tank destroyers, coming to the rescue of the artillery, engaged the tanks, which moved off and started to snake their way down the centre of the field toward the western exit. Their apparent intention was to come around the rear of the American position in the north stands and cut the main road back to Gafsa, then retake that town and thus leave Allen's division stranded. If the maneuver had succeeded, the entire disposition of Allied forces designed to contain the German army in Tunisia while the Eighth Army smashed its way through the Mareth Line might have been upset and the Americans might have had to retreat before the Germans as the Germans retreated before the Eighth Army. The German commander may also have hoped in this way to cause panic among the cut-off American troops and get a great swag of equipment and prisoners. "They thought they could push us over and laugh at us because American troops couldn't stand up to German armor," a member of the First Division's G-2 said that night after the threat had been averted.

The tanks, snaking their way out of the stadium, nearly ran over Allen's command post, which, fortunately, they didn't know was there. They got within two miles of it, which is close in motorized battle. Our howitzers, firing from their position on our ridge, reached the first element of the westward-bound tanks, twenty strong. Four were shot through. Their clumsy black bodies, belching dark smoke, remained on the field right below the command post. The other tanks turned away heavily and scuttled out of howitzer range. The American 105 and 155 howit-



"It overwhelmed Burns Mantle, but it doesn't overwhelm me."

• •

zers, which are our main field-artillery weapons, are not ideal anti-tank guns, because of their arching trajectory, but on that day they served.

Tanks do not rush forward in a mechanized version of the flying wedge, as people at home sometimes imagine. They advance hesitatingly, like diffident fat boys coming across the floor at a party to ask for the next dance, stopping at the slightest excuse, going back, and then coming on again, and always apparently seeking the longest way around. When they have to cross a plain, they postpone the evil moment as long as possible by clinging to the lower slopes of the nearest ridge until some invisible force pushes them unhappily into the open. When they follow a road, they zigzag in a series of tangents to it, crossing it occasionally and staying on it only when there is no other way through difficult country. They are timid creatures. All day long, that day of the stadium battle, the German tanks fiddled about on the field and in the first rows of our grandstand while field artillery shot at them and a battalion of eighteen American tank destroyers, waddling into action like bull pups, drew their fire and returned it. Finally, all eighteen tank destroyers were knocked out, but only after they had wrecked thirty-one tanks. By the time this tank-destroyer battalion was finished, another had arrived from the rear, so our position was not weakened. During all the fighting, our infantry stood firm on the hills. Without it, the artillery would have been overrun.

The Tenth Panzer Division made its last effort at five in the afternoon. Fifteen minutes before, twenty-odd Stukas had bombed our gun positions. The American ground troops had seen no American planes all day, and the most embarrassed young man on the battlefield was Captain Fred Kaths, the Air Forces liaison officer attached to the division. Our air people afterward explained that they had bombed the German rear positions, reaching them by a route that avoided the battlefield, but infantrymen like to see their own planes around when they are fighting. The echo of the Stukas' bombs and of the whistling devices on the German planes had hardly died down before the enemy began the attack. This time the Germans sent forward some armored infantry, known as Panzer Grenadiers, whose mission apparently was to climb through our infantry lines and reach our guns. German tanks followed the grenadiers. American guns killed all but nine of the approximately two hundred grenadiers who led the attack, and the rest of the attacking party stopped and went away. No one knows when a battle is over, because the enemy, if he withdraws, doesn't tell you whether he is coming back, but that particular battle ended at that particular moment.

Allen had been feeling good even before the Stuka-and-grenadier attack. His mood was revealed when about thirty American and British correspondents, who had been informed in their press quarters fifty miles away that the First Division was having a battle, arrived at his command post in a group. Allen, who, when the going is hard, ignores newspapermen, had sent Major Kenneth Downs, his aide, to tell the correspondents that he would hold a press conference. The affair resembled a mass interview given by a football coach right after winning a big game. The correspondents gathered around the General under a blossoming almond tree, amid the noises of guns, mostly our own, and of reconnaissance-plane motors, mostly German. He tried to look grave and modest, but the corners of his eyes and mouth occasionally betrayed him. "I think the division has done fairly well today," he said, "and I want to stress the idea that whatever it did was due to teamwork. Everybody in the division deserves credit. The artillery deserves credit, and so do the engineers, the tank destroyers, and the Ranger battalion—and don't forget the medics and the birds who drive the trucks. I don't want anybody to think I'm sore about air support. I guess the Air Force here has a lot of demands on it. I guess maybe there was some other division on the front that was attacked by two or three Panzer divisions and the Air Force had to help them first."

A correspondent interrupted him to say, "General, may I ask how many tanks you had in battle?"

"None," the General said.

Another correspondent asked him if the First Armored Division in the adjacent sector had progressed enough to take any pressure off his flank.

The General said, "I guess they had motor trouble. There is one thought I would like to leave with you gentlemen," he went on, "and that is that this teamwork is due to having the division together as a unit. It is a good thing to have teamwork when you're playing Notre Dame. It is good to have a division functioning as a unit when you're on the five-yard line. I would like to quote a couple of lines from the First Division song:

> "We're a hell of a gang to tangle with; just
> stick with us and see.
> The First Division will lead the way from
> hell to victory."

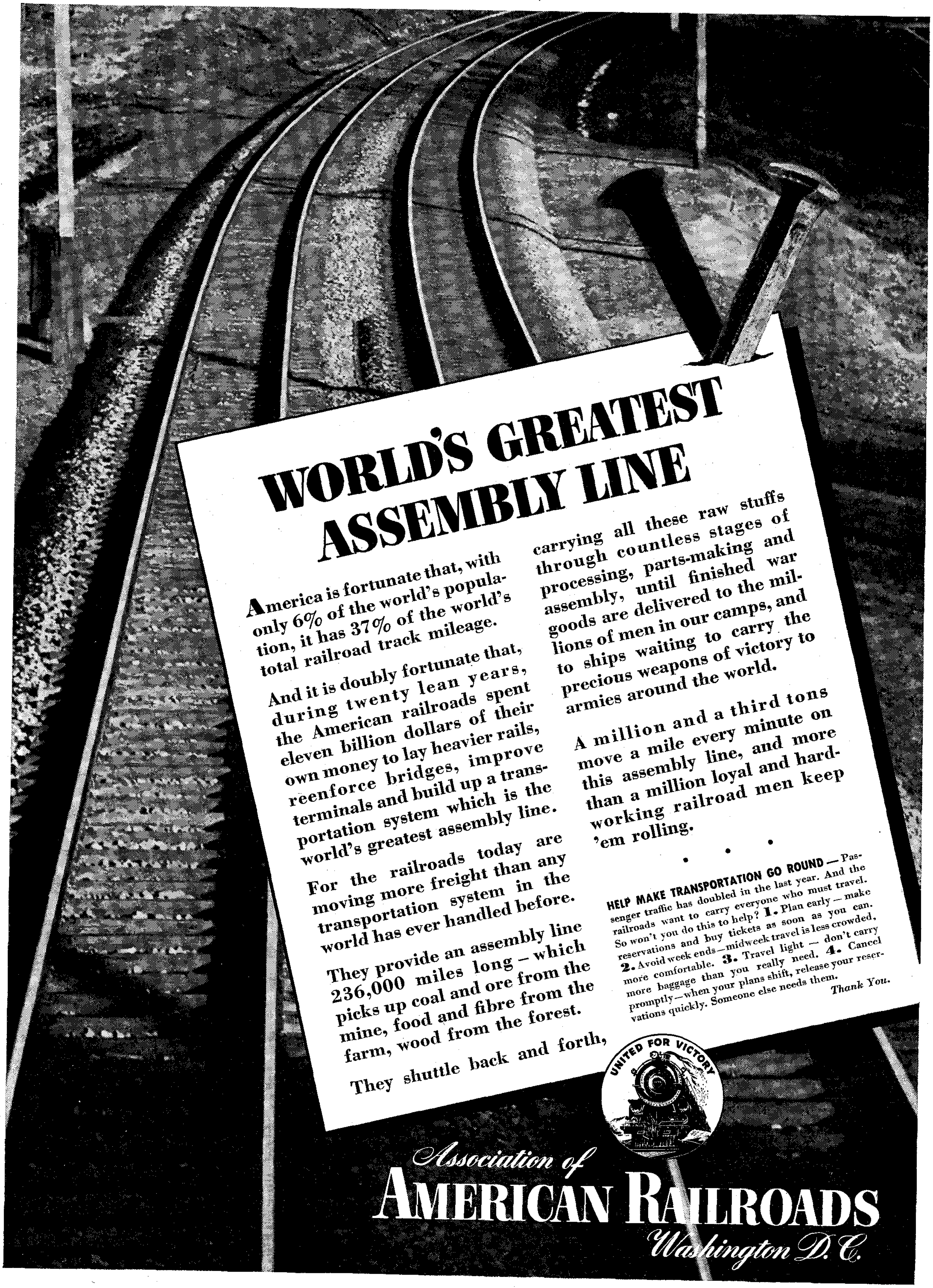
The press conference broke up ten minutes before the Germans dive-bombed our gun positions again. Allen's tone during it was considerably happier than it had been early that morning, when the German tanks had approached the divisional headquarters and one officer had suggested that it be moved. "I will like hell pull out," Allen had said, "and I'll shoot the first bastard that does."

Allen is a man of moods. When, the day after the battle, a friend asked him if he had known all along that the Tenth Panzer was in the vicinity, he said, "No, but I knew something was fishy, and we were ready for anything, weren't we? We won this battle yesterday when we got up on those hills, and only the infantry could have done it."

CEILINGS
BEER
RATION
PRICES
GARDEN FOR VICTOR
1941
BUY BONDS
SEEDS
Garrett Price

GENERAL ROOSEVELT is on more familiar terms with the enlisted men of the First Division than General Allen is, because, as assistant divisional commander, he spends much of his time visiting battalions and reporting back to division headquarters on their needs. His staccato, gamecock walk serves to identify him as long as he is within field-glass range. He always carries a short cane, head down, in the pocket of his field jacket, and he always makes a point of speaking to the mess sergeant of each outfit he visits. He asks the sergeant, for instance, if the company has enough baking powder. The sergeant invariably says no, and Roosevelt leaves him with the impression that if he, Roosevelt, were Secretary of War, there would be enough baking powder. Simple as this device is, it makes men feel that the divisional command is on their side. Roosevelt has a special way of saluting across his face, a little like Dave Chasen's celebrated gesture, and when he is on one of his tours of the division he goes out of his way to get saluted by as many soldiers as possible. He says that saluting is a criterion of division morale. He was in the First Division in the last war, in which he earned several wound stripes and decorations. After holding a reserve commission in the tranquil years between wars, he came back to the Army and his division in 1941. He speaks of himself as an old First Division soldier, and when he visits regimental headquarters in back areas, bands play "Old Soldiers Never Die, They Simply Fade Away" for him. He has a memory for the first names of the veteran First Division noncoms he encounters. He is at his best, however, in battle; his gamecock strut and his slightly corny humor take on a new and attractive quality when they are being ex-

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A."



WORLD'S GREATEST ASSEMBLY LINE

America is fortunate that, with only 6% of the world's population, it has 37% of the world's total railroad track mileage.

And it is doubly fortunate that, during twenty lean years, the American railroads spent eleven billion dollars of their own money to lay heavier rails, reenforce bridges, improve terminals and build up a transportation system which is the world's greatest assembly line.

For the railroads today are moving more freight than any transportation system in the world has ever handled before.

They provide an assembly line 236,000 miles long – which picks up coal and ore from the mine, food and fibre from the farm, wood from the forest.

They shuttle back and forth, carrying all these raw stuffs through countless stages of processing, parts-making and assembly, until finished war goods are delivered to the millions of men in our camps, and to ships waiting to carry the precious weapons of victory to armies around the world.

A million and a third tons move a mile every minute on this assembly line, and more than a million loyal and hard-working railroad men keep 'em rolling.

• • •

HELP MAKE TRANSPORTATION GO ROUND — Passenger traffic has doubled in the last year. And the railroads want to carry everyone who must travel. So won't you do this to help? **1.** Plan early – make reservations and buy tickets as soon as you can. **2.** Avoid week ends—midweek travel is less crowded, more comfortable. **3.** Travel light – don't carry more baggage than you really need. **4.** Cancel promptly—when your plans shift, release your reservations quickly. Someone else needs them.

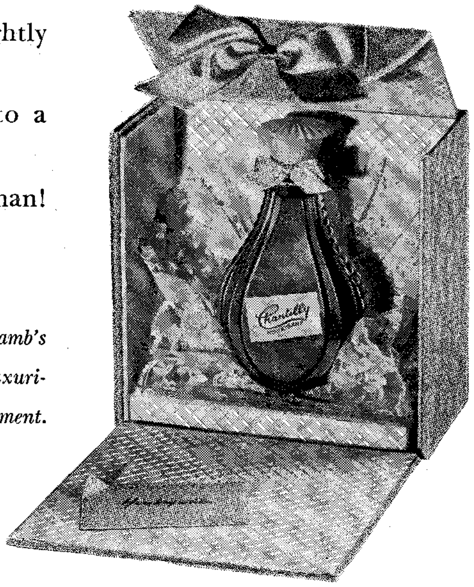
Thank You.

UNITED FOR VICTORY

Association of
AMERICAN RAILROADS
Washington D. C.

Chantilly
HOUBIGANT

Heart stimulant New perfume originated by Houbigant, to lift up your heart . . . and his! Chantilly. A feminine, never-forget-me fragrance . . . slightly spicy, slightly sweet. Exciting to a woman and twice as exciting to a man!



Dusting Powder de luxe, *with huge lamb's wool puff . . . Eau de Toilette, luxuriously perfumed for lasting refreshment.*

hibited under fire. The men consider Roosevelt an intellectual because he carries a considerable stock of books in his blanket roll. His library includes anthologies of verse, which he memorizes in vast chunks; works on anthropology, a subject which he discusses on any provocation; and a large number of detective stories, with which he reads himself to sleep.

The ebullient Roosevelt makes a good foil for the occasionally moody Allen, and his prestige as the son of a former President weighs heavily with French and British generals, with whom Allen generally lets him do the dickering. Because of his background and political adventures between wars, Roosevelt has more ties with civilian life than Allen, who was born on an Army reservation and has been strictly a professional soldier since 1907, when he entered the service, but the two generals have in common the quality of pugnacity. There is a third general officer in the division, a brigadier general, who is the divisional artillery commander. He is a man with a kindly face and a detached, professorial manner who seems to be constantly engaged in mathematical speculations. This benevolent air is apparently typical of artillerists, who seldom see the men they shoot at. This general has been known to use left-over coffee for shaving water to save the time that would be wasted while his orderly heated water, and this same rather frightening efficiency marks his handling of the division's guns.

Under the three generals in the divisional hierarchy are five full colonels, at least thirty lieutenant colonels, several hundred officers of lower rank, and around fourteen thousand enlisted men. General Allen sometimes is a bit awed by his eminence at the apex of this pyramid of manpower. "I feel unworthy of the position I have the honor to hold," he once told the officers of a unit that had just joined his division. "It is the most honorable place in the most honorable army in the world—the commander of the First Division."

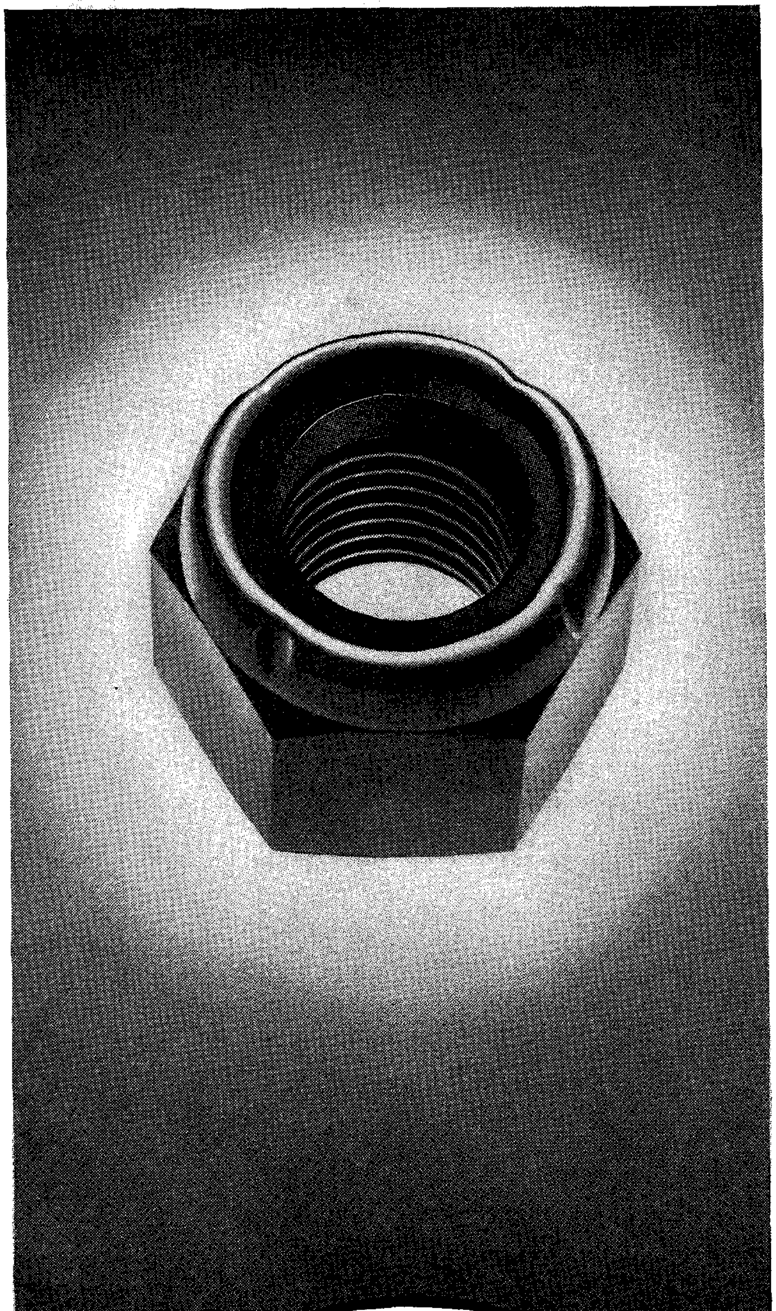
—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of two articles on General Allen.*)

•

Dear Miss Blake: I asked her for a date and received an affirmative reply. On my arrival at the designated place I received from her brother two dates (fruit) in an envelope. Would I be making a fool of myself by asking her for another date?
"COWBOY BILL."
—*The News.*

No, not if you're still hungry.



THIS IS A NUT...but

It looks much like any other nut, except for a "locking ring" of elastic material inserted in its top.

It fits any standard bolt.

It goes on like any other nut, except that it is wrenched on instead of being spun on with the fingers.

But it is unlike any nut you have known in the past because:

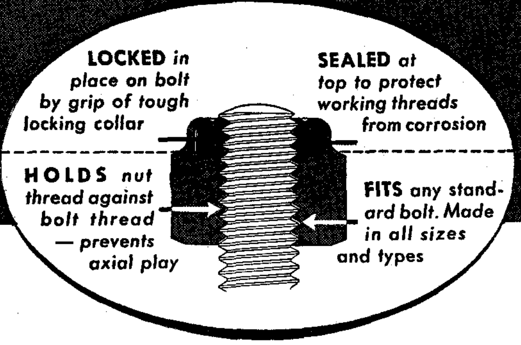
When it goes on it stays on.

In spite of vibration, stress, strain, this Elastic Stop Nut will not loosen, slip or break.

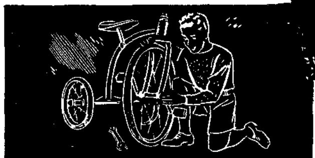
It may be removed as needed — and still locks itself tight when put back.

It *licks* vibration.

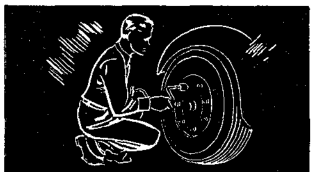
And not a single one has ever failed in service, to our knowledge, though our total production now adds up to billions.


LOCKED in place on bolt by grip of tough locking collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents axial play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

Coal stokers have many moving parts where the tight grip of Elastic Stop Nuts can prevent service interruptions.



Sonny's tricycle will need less "fixing" by Dad with non-loosening Elastic Stop Nuts replacing the usual kind.



When regular nuts loosen, cars squeak. So look ahead to quieter automobiles after victory is won.

Garden tools will stay set and snug without constant tightening with Elastic Stop Nuts holding them.

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

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TRADE MARK

Elastic Stop Nut Corporation of America
UNION, NEW JERSEY

Finest
CHOCOLAT
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U. S. NAVY
NAVY

A cap for every fighting navy of the United Nations—French, British, U.S.A.—each is an exact color replica in the form of a silk covered box that contains an assortment of Rosemarie de Paris finest chocolates, made from choicest Continental recipes, $7.75 per box, *postpaid anywhere in the United States.*

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Mesdames et Messieurs:

If you wish to delight someone, just send us their name and address, together with your check, and we will send them a box of

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ALEC TEMPLETON
AT SUPPER
FRAKSON
MAGIC AT DINNER
CARMEN CAVALLARO
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MISCHA BORR
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
ALTERNATING AT SUPPER
Cover from 10:30, $1... Fri. & Sat., $2

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE (No Cover)
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
Selective Dinners

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 25 (BY CABLE)

WHETHER they spent the Easter rest days digging in the vegetable patch, looking through the barbed wire at one of the unrestricted bits of sea, or simply staying home in bed, most Britons, it's safe to say, found their minds straying to the Tunisian highlands. Now that the big attack has come, the home public seems sensibly averse to looking for a spectacular victory immediately. Confidence in the Eighth Army, however, is still unshakable, but though no one has doubts about the outcome of the fight, it's soberly realized that the last round is going to be a tough one.

This year's Easter was a strenuous breather for lots of Londoners who were apparently determined to go places, even if it was only down to Kew to see the lilacs. In spite of official warnings that holiday transport wouldn't be augmented, trains were packed to the last inch with good-tempered crowds which, if reason had arisen to obey the printed instructions to lie down on the floor should enemy action develop overhead, would have had to subside in layers like a three-decker sandwich. The milling throng at most of the big stations also demonstrated the popular belief, which the railway companies have never either O.K.'d or denied, that during the war holders of third-class tickets who can't find room in their own compartments may sit in any empty first-class portion of a train. In the rush on the eve of the Easter break, indignant red-tabbed military and gold-braided naval gentlemen, commuting home after their day in Whitehall, frequently had to stand in jammed corridors while happy third-class passengers rode comfortably and righteously on first-class plush.

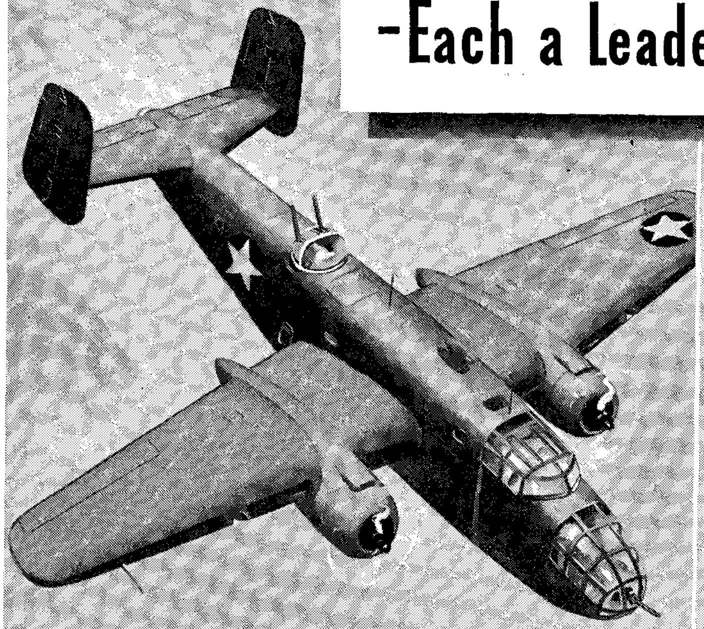
Even those Londoners who patriotically obeyed the injunction to stay home over the holidays found themselves in trouble. Apparently the official notion of a stay-at-home vacation, which is being widely publicized this year, since at any moment British railways may find themselves handling a vast surplus of more vital material than vacationists and their suitcases, implies a deck chair in your own back yard and a nice walk around the block for a change of scenery. Adventurers who tried to tap their city's resources and enjoy a watercress tea at Richmond or Hampton Court, even if they couldn't make it winkles at Southend, decided after hours of queuing—often fruitlessly—for buses, food, and drink that a trip to Tibet would possibly be easier on shoe leather and tempers.

THE lifting of the ban on the ringing of church bells added, of course, to the general holiday enthusiasm. This has been consistently agitated for by a good many people, including A. P. Herbert, whose new book of verses, "Bring Back the Bells," came out the day the ban was ended with a patness which would have made any press agent happy. This morning, however, lots of Britons who cocked expectant ears toward the long-silent belfries must have been a trifle disappointed. Many bells needed a little fixing after their prolonged rest, and most of the hearty chaps who used to ring them are away in the services. The hastily organized dingdonging which summoned British families, decked in their last spring's new suitings, to church may have been faltering, but it sounded good to anybody who looked back to the perilous days when a single peal would have meant not matins at eleven but invasion barges on southern beaches right now.

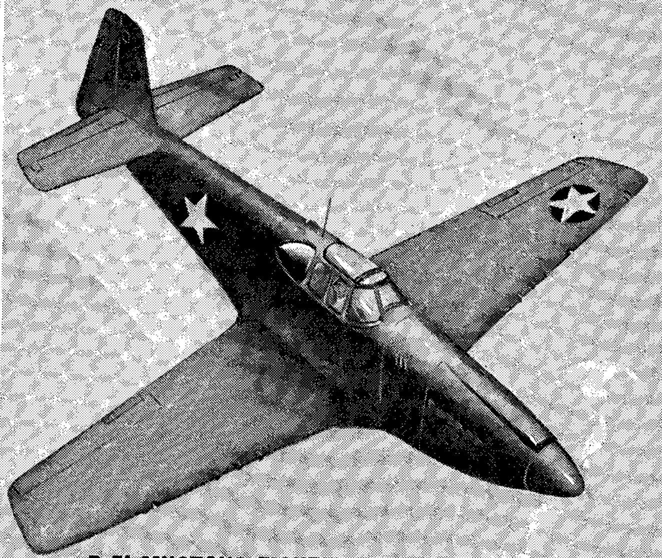
CROWDS of Londoners, and almost as many Americans nostalgically eager to feast their eyes on pictures of Vermont farmsteads and New York streets, are visiting the "America Marches" exhibition in Lower Regent Street. This is the fine collection of photographs shown last year in New York at the Museum of Modern Art under the title of "Road to Victory." It is being presented here with the joint blessing of the Ministry of Information and the Office of War Information before it goes on a trip around the provinces. The pretty girls are generally thickest before the display of naval, military, and air-force insignia, figuring out what those two bars or one leaf they saw on Piccadilly last night mean. Others come in with American beaux and blushingly consent to be shown on the enormous map in the end room exactly where they're going to set up housekeeping after the war.

Most of the visitors appear to be evidencing the greatest interest in the photographs which show America sitting

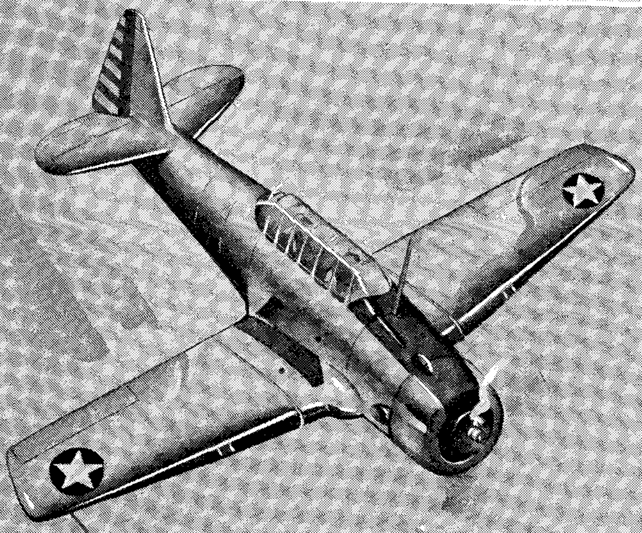
THREE *Battle-Tested* PLANES -Each a Leader in its Field



B-25 MITCHELL BOMBER. With a history of smashing successes over the Axis in daring bombing raids on all major fronts—including Major General James H. Doolittle's raid on Tokyo—B-25 Mitchell bombers soon join the United States Navy as the PBJ-1. "No airplane in its class in friendly or enemy forces is known to equal it," says OWI (Office of War Information) in a report on U. S. plane performance.



P-51 MUSTANG FIGHTER. The first fighter plane designed entirely on basis of combat experience. It has distinguished itself in low altitude fighting-strafing raids over Europe—in slashing at enemy troops, in blasting railroad trains, radio stations and factories. American and British flyers call it "the best fighter plane of 1943."



AT-6 TEXAN ADVANCED TRAINER *(formerly the Harvard).* The most widely used combat trainer in all the world. Twenty-four nations have chosen the Texan for its sturdiness, its ease of maintenance, and its versatility in helping prepare young pilots for the bigger tasks ahead.

Each North American plane now rolling off the line is a "battle-tested" plane—a better design than it was a year ago—a month ago—a week ago. That's because we at North American refuse to "freeze" design. Whenever battle experience and American engineering genius suggest an improvement, the brains and energy of thousands of North American men and women employees go to work *right* now to make those needed changes—to send these improved planes to our boys faster—where they will do the most good. That's why, in aviation,

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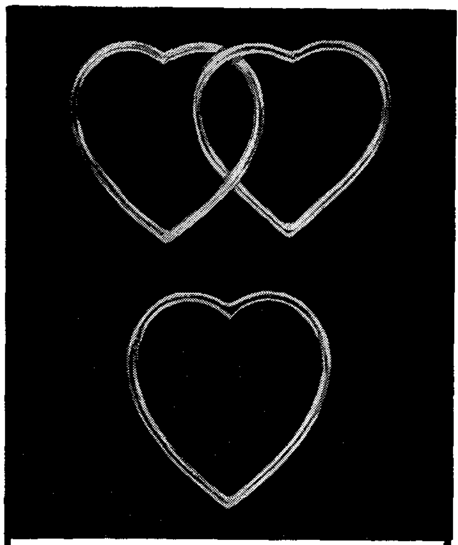

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Brooch of interlocked hearts
solid 14 ct. gold $29.50
A SUITABLE GIFT FOR
MOTHER'S DAY
Brooch single heart in
solid 14 ct. gold $16.50
Add 10% Federal Excise Tax
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Mail order sent with attractive card with name of donor.

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Jewelry of Distinction
535 Madison Avenue New York

* Slip-cover time!

stunning new prints and weaves
... custom-tailored and installed
... sofa and 2 chairs (5 cushions)
from 69.50

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.

OF ALL THINGS

THE thirteen-billion-dollar bond issue can rightfully be considered a great success. The credit belongs to the good sense of the American people and to the bad conduct of the Japanese.

•

Any day now we may expect to hear more Axis complaints about Anglo-American barbarity. Look at the way our fliers are shooting down those poor, defenseless transport planes.

•

Our relations with Mexico are now at the warmest point in history. On the other hand, the United States has never before been on such chilly terms with John L. Lewis.

•

There is reason to believe that von Arnim is now in command of the Afrika Korps. The supposition is that Rommel has gone somewhere to rest his tired feet.

•

Sweden announces that German warships found violating her waters will be fired upon. This is in accord with the well-known Swedish doctrine "I want to be alone."

•

The Navy Department and the Truman Committee do not agree about the amount of shipping sunk by submarines. It is hard for the public to know whether the situation is pretty bad or pretty terrible.

•

William Allen White predicts an armistice with Germany on February 9, 1946, at 11 A.M. Does he mean Eastern war time, or what?

•

Smokers have discovered that there is an alarming shortage of pipe cleaners. Rumor-mongers say that our entire output has been sent to Stalin.

•

It is predicted that millions of Americans will stay in their own back yards this summer. They will mow lawns, raise vegetables, and sometimes visit the dear old car.

•

The Navy announces that the Stars and Stripes are floating over Funafuti. Our hearts thrill with pride as we reach for the geography.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Windows on the Park

Exclusive Park Setting

Retaining all the charm of old New York in a new modern setting, offering matchless comfort in surroundings of elegance.

This fine Hotel is now offering one, two and three room suites (some with serving pantries) for immediate or October occupancy.

Minimize rationing problems—arrange for advantageous leasing. Your enquiry will be respected.

C. W. SCHWEFEL, *Managing Director.*

HOTEL
GRAMERCY PARK
52 Gramercy Park North
at East 21st Street

MADISON SQ. GARDEN
TWICE DAILY
2:15 & 8:30 P. M.
Incl. SUNDAYS
Doors Open 1 & 7
NOW

Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus

Presenting The Greatest Performance in the History of THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Tickets Admitting to Everything (incl. Seats) $1.10 to $4.40, Incl. Tax. Children Under 12 Half Price Every Aft'n Except Sat. and Sund.

Tickets at Mad. Sq. Garden & Agencies

CAFE **LOUIS XIV**
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN
William Adler and his Violin nightly except Sunday
LUNCHEON Prix-Fixe 1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER from 2.00
À LA CARTE SPECIALTIES
JACQUES BONAUDI, MGR. · PHONE CIRCLE 6-5300
15 W. 49th ST. in ROCKEFELLER CENTER

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
ENGAGEMENT ENDS MAY 9
S. HUROK
presents A Gala Spring Season
RUSSIAN BALLET
by the
BALLET THEATRE
featuring
Markova • Massine • Baronova • Dolin
Eglevsky • Tudor • Conrad • Kaye • Lyon
Chase • Semenoff • Laing • Lazovsky
Guest Artists
ZORINA, ARGENTINITA, STRAVINSKY, AGNES DE MILLE
EVENINGS INCL. SUNDAYS 8:30—85c TO $3.85
MATINEES MAY 1, 2, 8 AND 9—85c TO $2.75

MAX GORDON HITS
"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
$2 TOP ALL PERFS.
JUNIOR MISS
MAJESTIC TH., 44 St., W. of B'way
EVES. INCL. SUN. AT 8:40.
MATINEES SAT. 2:40 & SUN. 3 P.M.

"BERLE AT HIS DELICIOUS TOPS IN THE TOWN'S NEW SMASH."—Walter Winchell
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
MILTON BERLE
ILONA MASSEY • ARTHUR TREACHER
JACK COLE SUE RYAN NADINE GAE TOMMY WONDER
and DEAN MURPHY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. No Perfs. Wed.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35

2nd YEAR OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
Screamlined Musical
SONS O'FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. at 8:20. • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." Rascoe, World Tel.
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE Thea., 47th W. of Bway Mats. Wed., Sat.

DARK EYES
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
ELENA MIRAMOVA
JAY FASSETT
Production by JED HARRIS
BELASCO W. 44 St., Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT
with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • ROBERT KEITH
BILTMORE THEATRE • W. 47th ST.
EVES. 8:40 • MATINEES WED. and SAT.

on its back porch instead of marching. It's a pity that the selection of pictures didn't include a few more of Main Street and a few less of assembly lines and battleships, which look much the same in any language. A couple of North Country naval ratings were, however, discovered going over the fine points of some American destroyers with the cosy professional interest of housewives inspecting a model apartment.

There's an information centre at the exhibition, staffed with imperturbable ladies who deal with all kinds of questions, ranging from "What is American candy made of?" to "How does the House of Representatives work?" A British soldier who had just done the exhibition posed one of the few really interesting questions. He wanted to know why Hollywood sent over such bad propaganda pictures, which give Britons an entirely false impression of life and the war effort in the States. He cited a light-hearted musical showing girls singing and dancing in a war-production plant, a film which had unfortunately been taken seriously by some perturbed pals of his in a British factory. The information centre soothed him as best it could, but there's no doubt that English audiences would be keenly interested in short documentaries showing various aspects of the American home front as it isn't dished out by Hollywood. Maybe such films are available on Broadway, but Leicester Square has yet to see them.

At any rate, this British soldier's question provided a break in the sequence of stock semi-humorous, semi-homesick questions so many American soldiers are asking the information ladies. A favorite one is "Where do I buy my ticket for New York?" To that one the ladies generally crack back, "In Berlin."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE BURDENED MIND

[*Adv. in the Crittenden Press, Marion, Ky.*]

> THANK YOU
> SHERIFF DAVIDSON
>
> and law enforcement officers for recovery of my furs which were stolen. Anything I can do to repay you at any time I will do, do not hesitate to call. In some cases the laws are not strong enough and I favor more stringent laws.
>
> Vote for
> GLENN HATCHER,
> Sec. of State for Governor.
>
> You Boys, Girls, Men and Women who smoke cigarettes for God's sake quit.
>
> J. W. WRIGHT
> Hampton, Ky.

The Playwrights' Company presents
WINNER New York Drama Critics' Prize
THE PATRIOTS
by SIDNEY KINGSLEY
Produced with ROWLAND STEBBINS
NATIONAL Theatre, 41st St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
The EVE. of ST. MARK
"Heroic..Hilarious..Overwhelming"
—ANDERSON, Journal-American
CORT Theatre, W. 48th Evgs. inc. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40. No Monday Perf.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents EMLYN WILLIAMS' Greatest Success
ETHEL BARRYMORE in THE CORN IS GREEN
Triumphant Return Engagement
AT REDUCED PRICES
50c, $1, $1.50, $2. plus tax
MARTIN BECK THEATRE 45th ST. W. of 8th Ave.
Eves. Incl. SUNDAY 8:40. Mats. Thurs., Sat. & Sun. 2:40

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL SMASH HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
Something for the Boys
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with
ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"Enormously Funny"
—Atkinson, Times
STAR AND GARTER
with
BOBBY CLARK
GYPSY ROSE LEE
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St.
Mats. Sat. & Sun.
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40
Both Productions Staged by HASSARD SHORT

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
BENAY VENUTA RONALD GRAHAM NANETTE FABRAY
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

Michael Myerberg presents
Tallulah BANKHEAD • Fredric MARCH • Florence ELDRIDGE
in
The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

A "NEW" FAVOURITE THAT'S CENTURIES OLD...

U. S. connoisseurs are finding out why Jamaica Rums have been a British Empire tradition for literally hundreds of years. With choice of fine imported liquors dwindling, they are "discovering" a new flavour, a rare satisfaction they never knew existed—and liking it!

SINCE 1661

Nature supplies the matchless flavour of

GENUINE

Jamaica RUMS

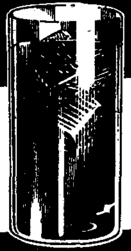
Nature's lavish gifts to Jamaica—tropic sun, rich soil, crystal clear water of mile-high mountain streams—are the basic ingredients of Jamaica Rum that simply *can't* be copied. They give to Jamaica Rums of every brand, whether light or dark, a unique flavour. Rigid control of the ancient pot-still process, an Empire tradition of quality and integrity, are the "added" ingredients that transform these gifts into the world's finest rums. So, when ordering mixed drinks or buying by the package, be sure to specify *genuine* Jamaica Rum.

"Born to blend," Jamaica Rums go well with fruit juices, are good mixers in all standard recipes. For instance:

JAMAICA HIGHBALL

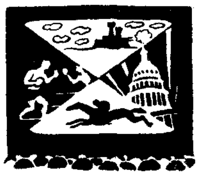
Pour one jigger of Jamaica Rum over a few cubes of ice. Fill glass with soda water (also delightful when mixed with Dry Ginger Ale). A time hallowed favourite among Jamaicans themselves.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Popular Affront



THE motion-picture public, although undergoing constant courtship by Hollywood, is starving for flattery, at least as far as its intellect is concerned. It will soon be forced to believe that its chief attraction is good looks or, repugnant as the thought may be, money. Its mentality is not only seldom the object of pretty compliments but, what's more, is frequently knocked. Two fresh insults have just now been directed at it; their names are "Crash Dive" and "China." Both of these are films based on the principle that what the public admired as a child back in 1930 is all that it needs to be made happy today.

Of the two, "Crash Dive" probably sticks closer to this principle. It has to do with a couple of naval officers who are in love with the same girl and are consequently very gruff with each other whenever they meet. One place they often meet is on the submarine to which they are both attached, where quarters are naturally confined and make for tension. To relieve this, along comes some action, provided by the Germans, and during the course of it one of the rivals, with the generosity born of common danger, decides to toss up his claim, settling the whole problem happily. Subsidiary clichés are on hand in the persons of a slangy, cocktail-drinking, but kind-hearted old grandmother and a grizzled petty officer who has a cardiac condition but won't let on because he wants to die at sea (which he does). The only, and wholly inadequate, modern touch in the picture is a sort of Commando raid by the submarine crew on a German Q-boat base in the North Atlantic. This being the two-hundred-and-forty-third motion-picture Commando raid, you can see why it lacks novelty. Perhaps the main achievement of the film is that making it furnished Tyrone Power, who plays the hero and who subsequently joined the Navy, with a bit of basic training. What good it did Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, James Gleason, and Dame May Whitty, who are also in the cast, is not so easy to put your finger on.

THE theme of "China" is the reform and ultimate heroism of a selfish toughie. His education, to be sure,

2nd YEAR
CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
John C. Wilson *presents*
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH W. 45th. Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

"ONE OF THE GREAT ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL TIME"—Coleman, Mirror
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

SHEPARD TRAUBE'S
Production of
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
JOHN EMERY JUDITH EVELYN LEO. G. CARROLL
GOLDEN, West 45th. Evgs. Incl. Sun.
Matinees Saturday & Sunday

CLOSES MAY 15 because of previous commitments to appear in San Francisco and Los Angeles
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In the Most Successful Musical of the Century
"LADY IN THE DARK"
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53 St.
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:35

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

MATINEE & EVENING PERFS. SAT. & SUN.
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
"A HIT" *Watts* | HUDSON Thea., 44th St. East of B'way. Eves. 8:40 | "CLICK" *Winchell*

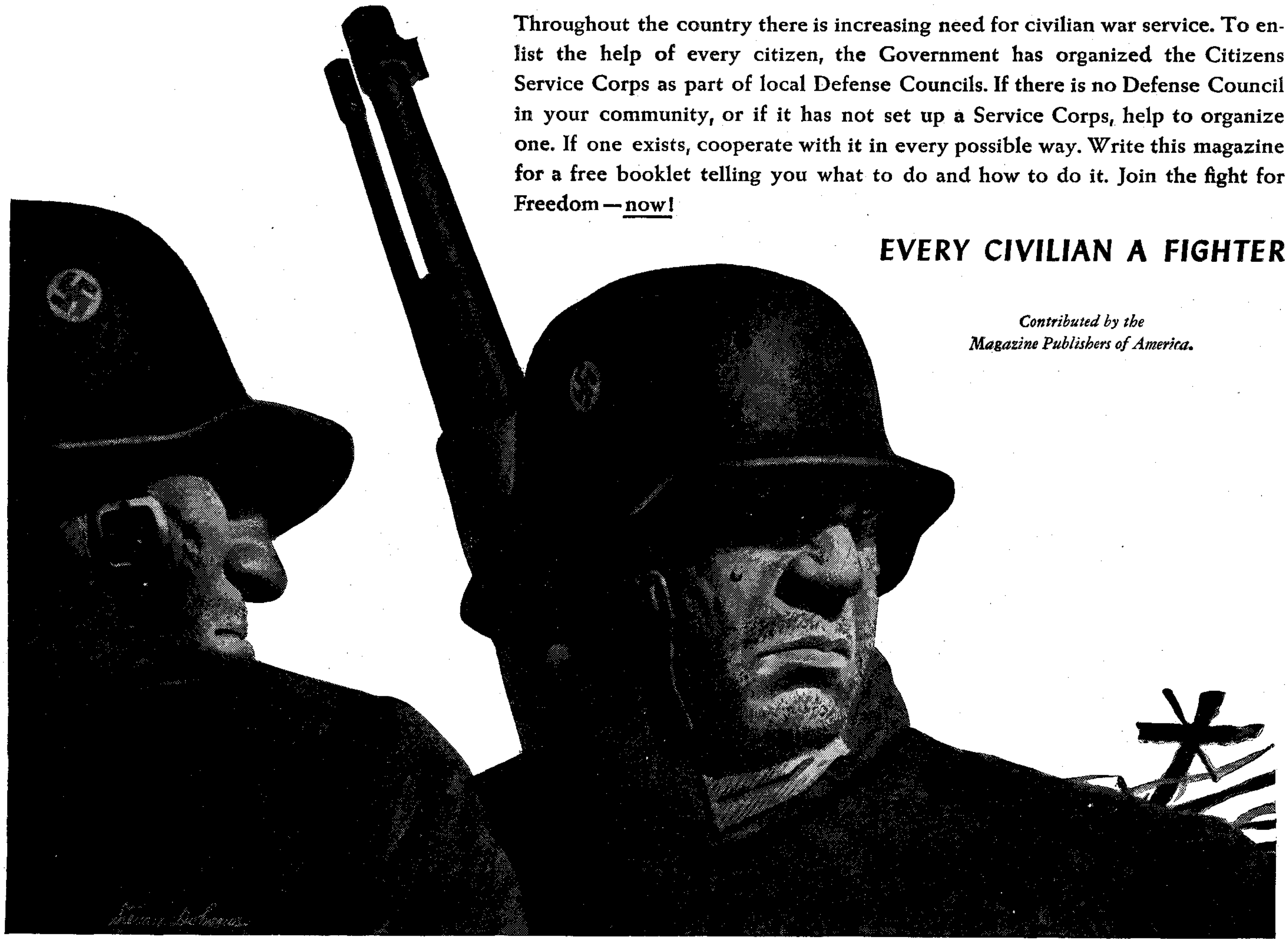
MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Rosalind Russell • Fred MacMurray
"FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"
with Herbert Marshall—An RKO Radio Picture
GALA EASTER SHOW—SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Open House
For Officers
Delmonico's 59th St. & Park Avenue
All officers of the United Nations Armed Forces welcome. No membership fees. Reading and writing facilities—games—music—entertainment every evening. Dances three times a week. Cocktail parties Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

If they win …only our dead are free

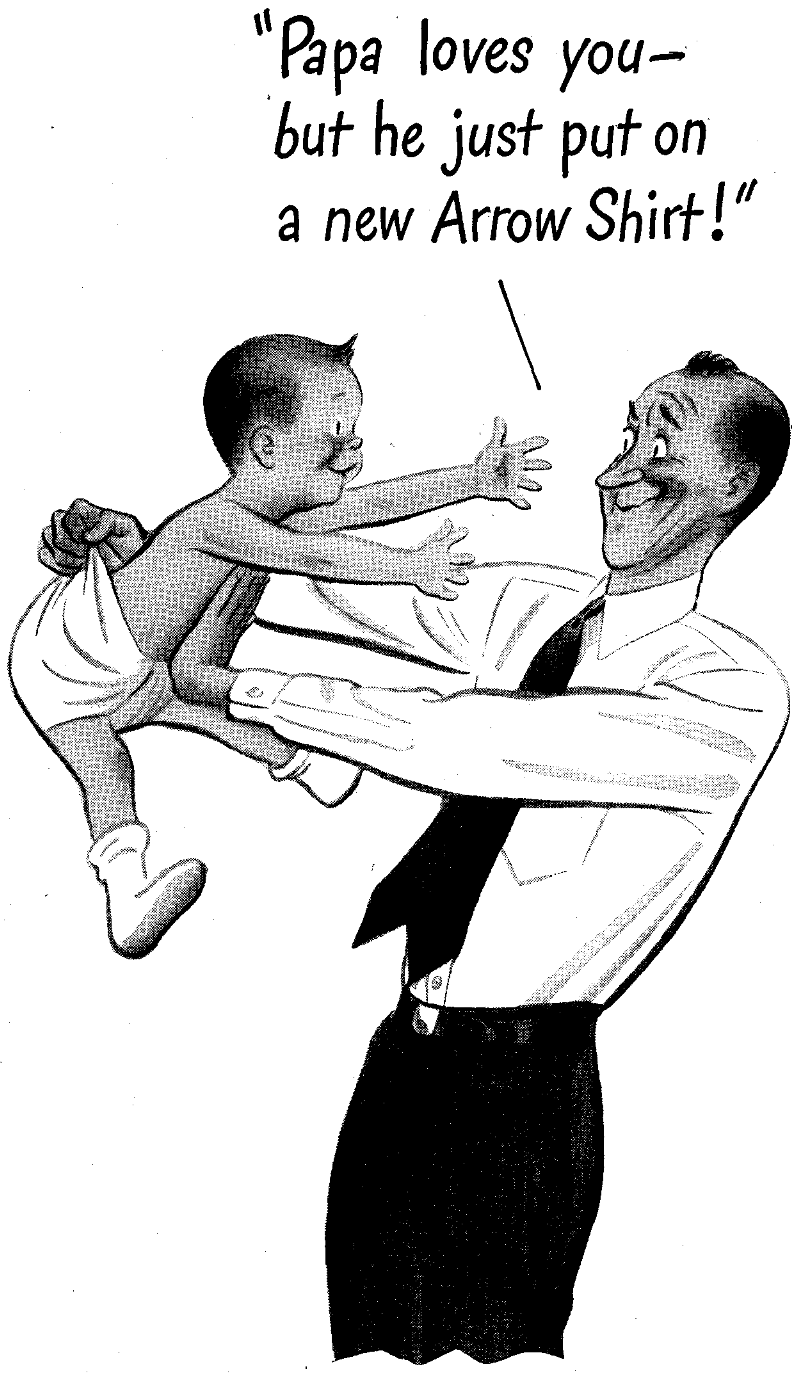
These are our enemies.
They have only one idea—to kill, and kill, and kill, until they conquer the world.
Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.
No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.
Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.
Make no mistake about it—you cannot think of this as other wars.
You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.
This time you win—or die. This time you get no second chance.
This time you free the world, or else you lose it.
Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
—worth anything that you can give or do.



Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America.


"Papa loves you—
but he just put on
a new Arrow Shirt!"

● All Arrow Shirts have the smooth-fitting "Mitoga" figure cut . . . and are crowned with the 80-year-famous Arrow Collar. All Arrow fabrics are *Sanforized labeled*—so they can't shrink over 1%! See Arrow Trump, Arrow Gordon, and Arrow Doubler (combination business and sport shirt). *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*

ARROW SHIRTS

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

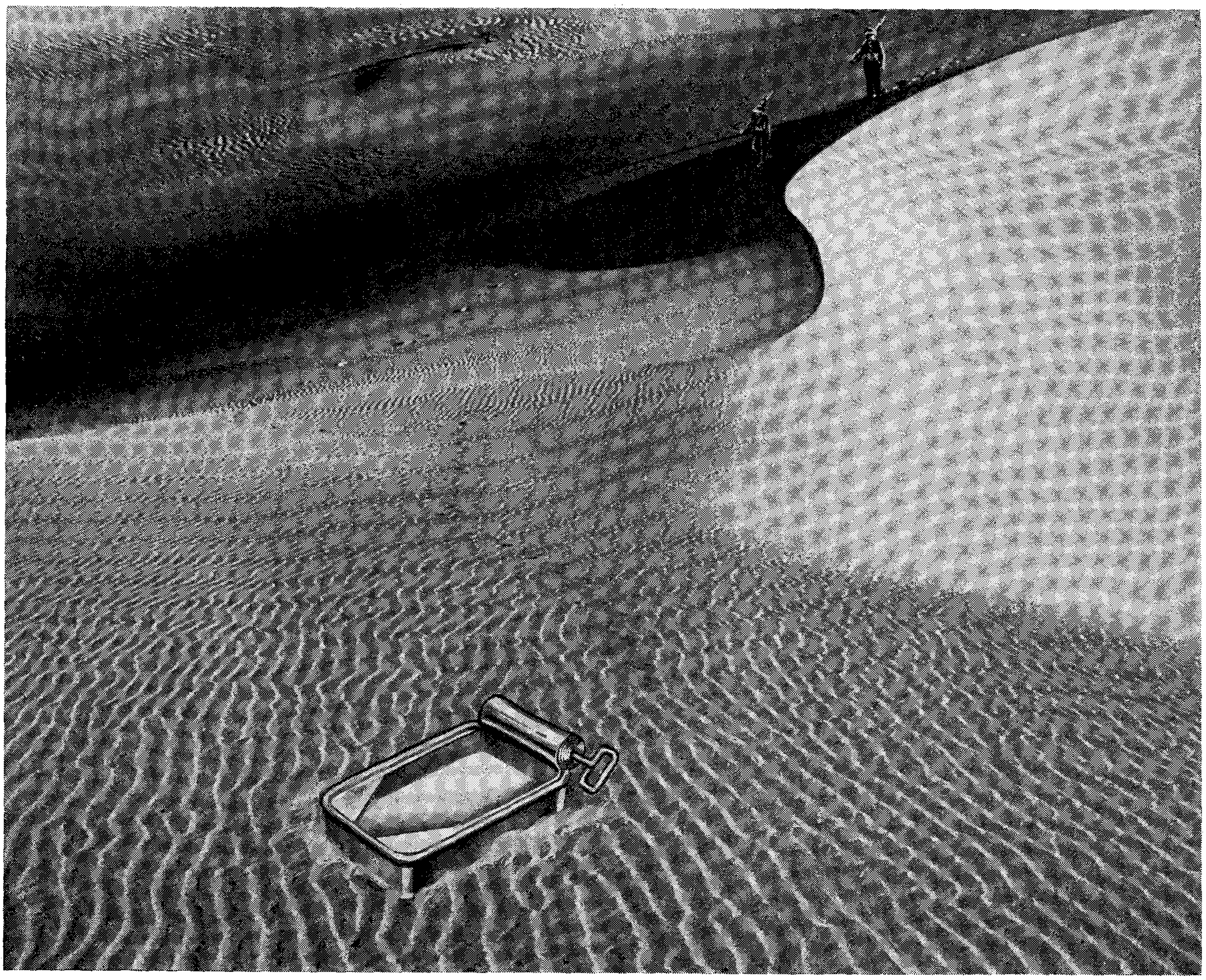
takes place in China in 1941 and is tied up with the war over there, the character in question being an American oil salesman who supplies the Japanese. However, it is doubtful whether these trimmings bring the story quite enough up to date to make up for its shopworn aspect, since it has already been generally accepted that selling oil to Japan to fight China with was reprehensible. And if you discount what timeliness the story has, you have pretty well knocked its pins from under it. There's this fellow (Alan Ladd) who is just about devoid of scruples until he meets a girl (Loretta Young) who sees a spark of decency in him and proceeds to fan it into some semblance of a flame. In this project she is assisted by the heel's sidekick (William Bendix), a clumsy, uncouth cove with plenty of homely virtues, who incidentally offers what might loosely be called the comic relief. The heel falls in love with the girl, improves rapidly, and winds up by redeeming himself in spectacular fashion. Added to all this there is, by way of pure velvet, every ounce of human appeal that can be wrung from a certain photogenic Chinese baby, who has allowed himself to be exploited right and left. If his purpose was to put some novelty into the picture, however, he couldn't carry the weight.

THE above films, although not vehemently recommended, have been described at some length because they are fine, workable samples of a con game commonly practiced by West Coast sharpers, whose object is to pass second- and third-hand goods off as new. Actually, neither film is worth more attention than another new one called "Presenting Lily Mars," which is an unpretentious adaptation of Booth Tarkington's novel about a small-town girl who wants to act. This is not a breath-taking piece of work itself, but it is at least no less than what it seems to be, and in Van Heflin, who plays the young producer opposite Judy Garland's Lily, it has a good, sound, rough-and-tumble actor. By the way, though, this is the second picture in which Mr. Heflin has had the rôle of a man who tries to discourage a young girl who wants to act. How's that for conscientious type-casting? —DAVID LARDNER

•

Seventy thousand letters dumped into the Tagus River when the Yankee Clipper crashed recently at Lisbon have arrived here, a Sodden, Mass., and are being salvaged.—*New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

Praise, Ala.



The Sardine that went to Africa

"I stooped over in the middle of the (censored) desert and picked up the can with your New England wrapper on it while en route to another escapade through which I have successfully defended my life" writes Sgt. W. H. York of the U. S. Air Corps to a Maine packer, "and I can truthfully say it was the biggest surprise of the war as far as I am personally concerned. I knew you had a wide distribution of your sardines but I never thought you got them over here in the desert in the Middle East."

The Sergeant would be further surprised if he could peek into the long lines of freight cars which the Boston and Maine is taking away from busy Northern New England factories and farms these days. He'd learn the address tags on a lot of food grown and packed here no longer read "The Corner Grocery in America," but "en route to our fighting forces." He'd learn, too, that Northern New England's busy factories are turning out a thousand and one vital materials now being used in foreign lands to fight the enemies of freedom.

Next time you feel irritated over rationing of canned goods, gasoline, tires, food or other war essentials, remember Sergeant York and his thousands of fellow Americans (perhaps your own boy) fighting throughout the world. Next time your train is late or you can't get just the reservation you want, stop and think what is behind these petty inconveniences. We railroad men know.

Next time you are asked to serve on a Civilian Defense job remember these are days when every one of us, men and women alike, must do our part. Next time you fret about taxes be thankful you live in a country where you can still work where you please and earn enough to pay your share of the fight for freedom. Next time you start to buy some purely selfish things, think twice and buy War Bonds or War Stamps instead.

BOSTON and MAINE RAILROAD

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

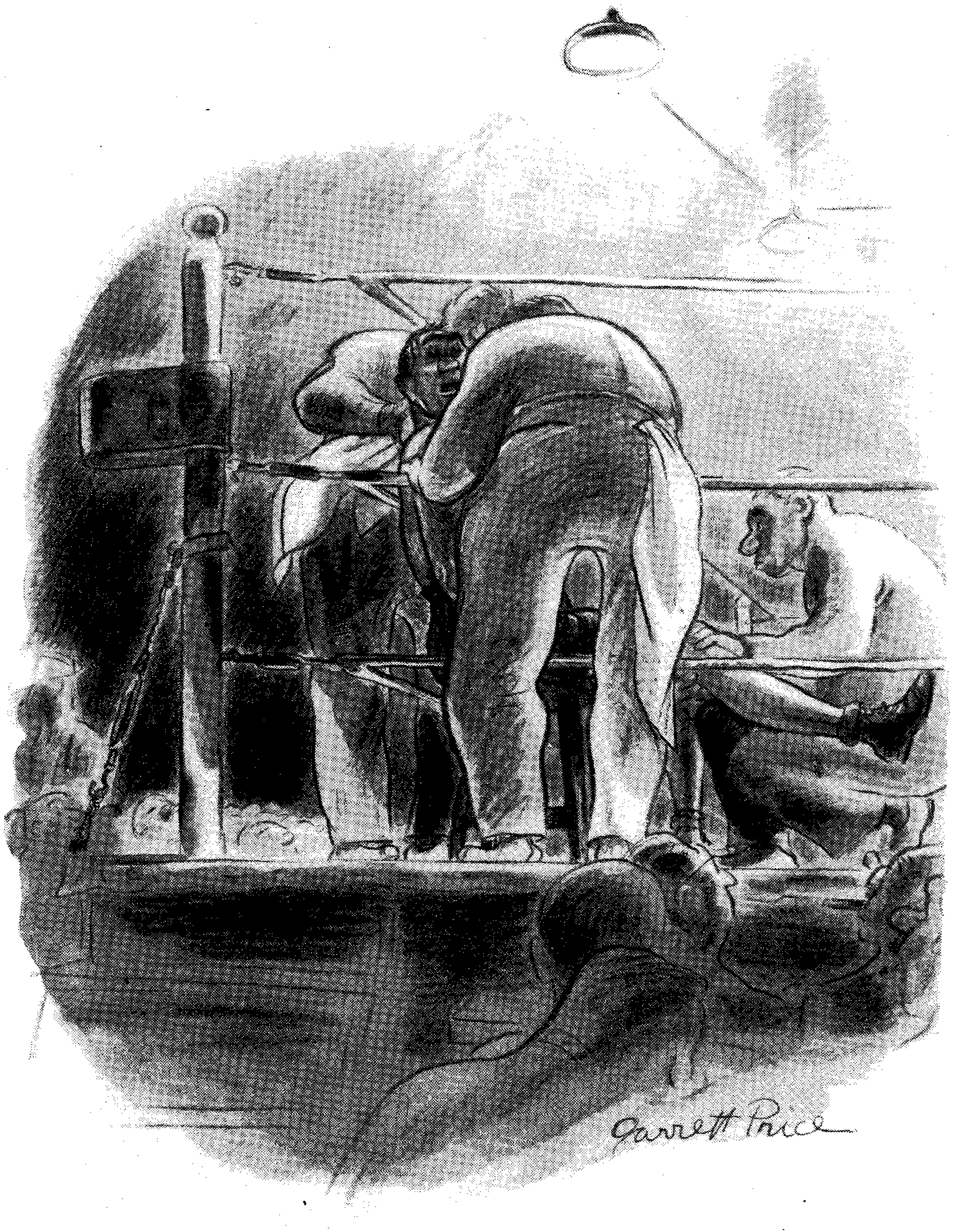
A REPORTER AT LARGE

JOB FOR A MAN IN A HOMBURG HAT

WHEN I dropped in at the United States Employment Service headquarters, on an upper floor at 87 Madison Avenue, the other day, I expected to find it noisy, overcrowded, and confused, but instead I found an orderly and baffling quietness. Long queues of men and women were being registered as a preliminary to being interviewed. I noticed Chinese, Negroes, Filipinos, old men in denim overalls, a woman wearing a torn brown fur piece, and a man with a Homburg hat, polka-dot scarf, and spats. They were of various ages and conditions, but they seemed to have been drawn together and made curiously alike by their common problem. Interviewers sat at desks along the walls or by sunlit windows; the men and women already registered and waiting to be interviewed sat in rows of straight chairs in the shadowed centre of the room. Two or three were reading newspapers or talking with their neighbors, but most of them sat staring into space, almost motionless. I felt as if I had stumbled into some sort of religious meeting. After introducing myself to an Employment Service official, I asked if I was wrong in attaching a special meaning to this silence. He shook his head. "We handle hundreds, sometimes thousands, of people every day," he said. "These people are troubled. They're looking for something. They're afraid they may not get it. They don't trust themselves to show any feelings."

I asked whether an unemployed man or woman wasn't almost certain to find a job these days, and the official said, "Within reason, yes. As you probably know, New York City contains the largest pool of available labor left anywhere in the country. It also has an exceptionally high number of non-deferable occupations. Even here, though, we're beginning to see the bottom of the barrel. In March we placed men and women in eight thousand jobs in different parts of the country—jobs in factories, in ships, on farms, as common laborers, or as highly skilled technicians. Every month the demand grows and the supply shrinks. For example, the other day we were told that we would have to supply two thousand marine engineers by midsummer. Four marine engineers are needed on every Liberty ship, and men with such skills can't be trained in a few weeks, or even months. The best we can do is to open our occupational-questionnaire file and note the men listed there as having worked, at one time or another, as marine engineers. If such a man is working at present as a stationary engineer, in an apartment house or an office building, say, we call him in and ask him how he feels about going back to sea. The pay is as high as the risk is great. But it isn't the pay that matters, and it isn't just helping the country, either. It's the going back to sea. Nine times out of ten we find that the men have kept up their marine licenses out of pride in their skill, even when they've given up all thought of working aboard ship. We mention the names of a couple of new ships, a couple of ports, and a man gets to thinking about his job in the basement of some Park Avenue building, and after a minute or two he says, 'Oh, the hell with it! I'm signing.' "

The official led me across the room to a large bulletin board facing the elevators. "Usually, as you can guess," he said, "the jobs are far less technical and demanding than that of marine engineer." He pointed to printed sheets of paper of various colors on the bulletin board; the sheets were thumbmarked and stained. "These are what are called,



"What's the matter with that guy? He seems to have a chip on his shoulder."

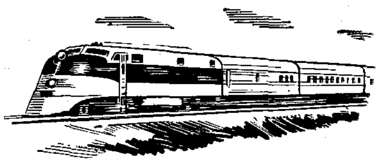
WAR JOBS WELL DONE MEAN LOWER FUTURE POWER COST

SCARCELY anything you can name fills so many different war jobs as the General Motors Diesel engine. In tanks, landing boats, patrol boats, trucks, tractors and auxiliaries—everywhere sturdy dependability is needed—they're supplying power for our fighting forces.

The result is that though plant facilities have mushroomed and production records are broken time and time again, everything we can make is hustled off to war.

But there is this important compensation. These accelerated war demands are advancing GM Diesel production and technique years faster than could the demands of ordinary peacetime manufacture.

So we can look forward to lower-cost power and to new peacetime applications for these engines when the war is won—to broadened fields where this power will serve.



New eras of railroading follow in the footsteps of war. Another new era of railroading is assured in the wake of this war. General Motors Diesel locomotives already are establishing new standards of transportation.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ENGINES ...... 15 to 250 H.P. DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.
ENGINES 300 to 2000 H.P. CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio
LOCOMOTIVES .... ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

as you know, flyers," the official said. "We make them up regularly and the people are expected to study them before they reach the interviewers' desks. In other words, they're expected to have a rough idea of the kind of work they may be asked to do. Ninety per cent of the people are looking for war jobs, but they find that war jobs are less romantic and profitable than the radio and the movies make out. These flyers are the first step in their disillusionment."

A typical flyer began:

Industry: Aircraft.
Job Open For: Aircraft trainees.
Location: Stratford, Conn.
Duration: Permanent.
Rate of Pay (while in training school): 55c an hour for the first month. 60c an hour for the second month. 65c an hour for the third month.
Rate of Pay (at plant): 75c an hour.
Job duties: To be trained in aircraft sheet metal assembly, riveting, benchwork, machine work. Layout of sheet metal in use of all aircraft measuring devices.
Job requirements: Female, eighteen years and over. Two years high-school minimum. Physical examination. Must be citizen. Aliens acceptable after government consent.
Living conditions: Rooms available at $5.00 a week. Board, $10.00 a week. Company and War Housing Authority will assist applicant in securing rooms. Rooms scarce for Negroes.

A second flyer was more specific about physical requirements:

Female, sixteen to twenty-five years. Good vision, or corrected by glasses. Short nails. No loose cuticles. Clean and neat appearance. Handicaps acceptable except with hand, arm, or eye defects.

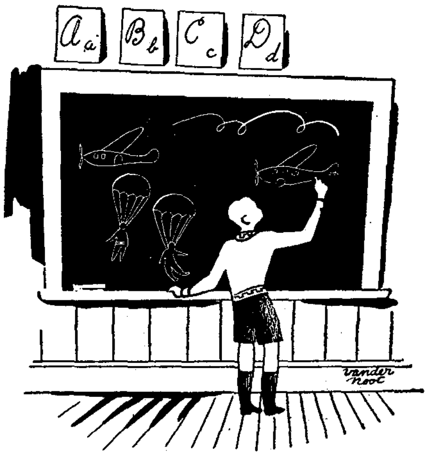
Another flyer asked for right-handed high-school graduates to act as airplane assemblers. They had to be girls less than five feet six inches tall and weighing less than a hundred and forty pounds, presumably in order to fit into the wings of a plane. But most of the flyers simply asked for men who were "husky." The commonest flyer read about like this:

Male. Draft deferred, 3-A or 4-F preferred. To do general factory laboring work, material handling in and about the plant. No experience necessary.

MY official told me that I could have the run of the place and talk to anyone I liked. I thanked him and went up to a group of men and women who were waiting stiffly on their chairs to be interviewed. They seemed eager to talk to someone who wasn't a potential rival, as if they found a certain relief in revealing why they were there. One of them, a stocky, red-faced man with rimless glasses, said, "This place is beginning to get me. It's like I was waiting to go to confession. I want to get it over with as soon as I can. The worst of it is that I already got a good job. I figured I'd never have to look for a job again. But along comes the war, and somebody down in Washington decides I'm non-deferable. You see, I'm an elevator-starter in one of the big buildings over on Forty-seventh Street. It's not as useless a job as some of these government laddiebucks may think.

"Like everything else, there's an art to it," he went on. "A good elevator-starter makes all the difference in a building. For example, nobody likes to wait for an elevator. It's up to a man like me to make sure that there's always an elevator waiting on the ground floor. Then I got to keep the operators feeling good. I got to keep them on their toes. After a while some of them tend to grow pretty sloppy. They act like they're flying a pursuit ship instead of running an elevator, and when they aim at a floor they seesaw up and down for five minutes before they land where they ought to be. Besides, I got to keep our tenants happy. I find out their names so I can say good morning and good night to them. Just saying a name loud enough so other people can hear it makes a lot of difference in a building, especially where you have doctors and lawyers who are looking for business. It's taken me years to work up to this job. Now I got to throw it away. I got to find myself a job in what they call an essential industry. Well, will you tell me this? If you was working at the top of the Empire State Building, what would be more important to you than an elevator man?"

Before I could answer that one, the man sitting in the chair in front of me turned around and said to the elevator-starter, "Say, you got no more kick than me. I'm a gas-station attendant. I'm non-deferable, too. But you know what I'm going to be?" The elevator-starter and I shook our heads. "A farmer," he said. "Why, hell's bells, I came down here looking for some kind of a factory job and I find that they need farmers just as much as they need somebody to make guns or shells. More, maybe. Imagine trying to squeeze any farmers out of this burg!" The elevator-starter and I smiled appreciatively. "But the fellow I was talking to, he says they get plenty. He says a lot of people in this town was born on farms and want to go back, or, like me, if it's a choice between going to work on a farm and going to work in a factory, give me the farm every time." He breathed deeply. "Fresh air. Good food. Green grass. That's the life for me."



I asked him if he had found out anything about the pay. He nodded, more soberly. "That part of it isn't so good. You don't see more than fifty or sixty bucks a month in cash, and you'd see that much every week at a plant like Federal Ship. But you get free board and a free room. Besides, you got nothing to spend your money on. It's velvet! Why, some of these hick places, they tell me they never heard of Forty-second Street. The way I figure it, I'll find a place where I can bring my wife along. Some place upstate where the scenery is nice. My wife's nuts on scenery."

Someone called out the name of the gas-station attendant, and he went off for his interview. Another man sat down in his chair. He was tall and lean, and he spoke rapidly, with a strong Russian accent. "I tell you, Mister," he said to me as soon as he gathered that I was a willing listener. "I come over from Russia a long time ago, maybe twenty years. In Russia I went to a good school, I learned even a little chemistry. Now a wholesale butter-and-egg salesman, that's me. It's a good job, too, a nice job. But the other day the boss called me in and he said, 'Sam, I'm sorry.' " The salesman made an all-embracing gesture with his hands. "Everybody calls me Sam, but my name's Baruh, an old Jewish name. Everybody calls me Sam because Sam is an old American name. 'It's too bad, Sam,' the boss said, 'but you can see what's happening as well as me. No more butter, no more eggs, no more business.' So I said, 'What am I supposed to do now, boss?' And he said, 'If you do like me, you'll go to school.' To school again, after fourteen years a salesman in the butter-and-egg business! The boss wrote down a name on a piece of paper. 'That's where I go, Sam,' he said. 'The Bronx Vocational High School. To the machine shop there. Butter and eggs all day, the ma-

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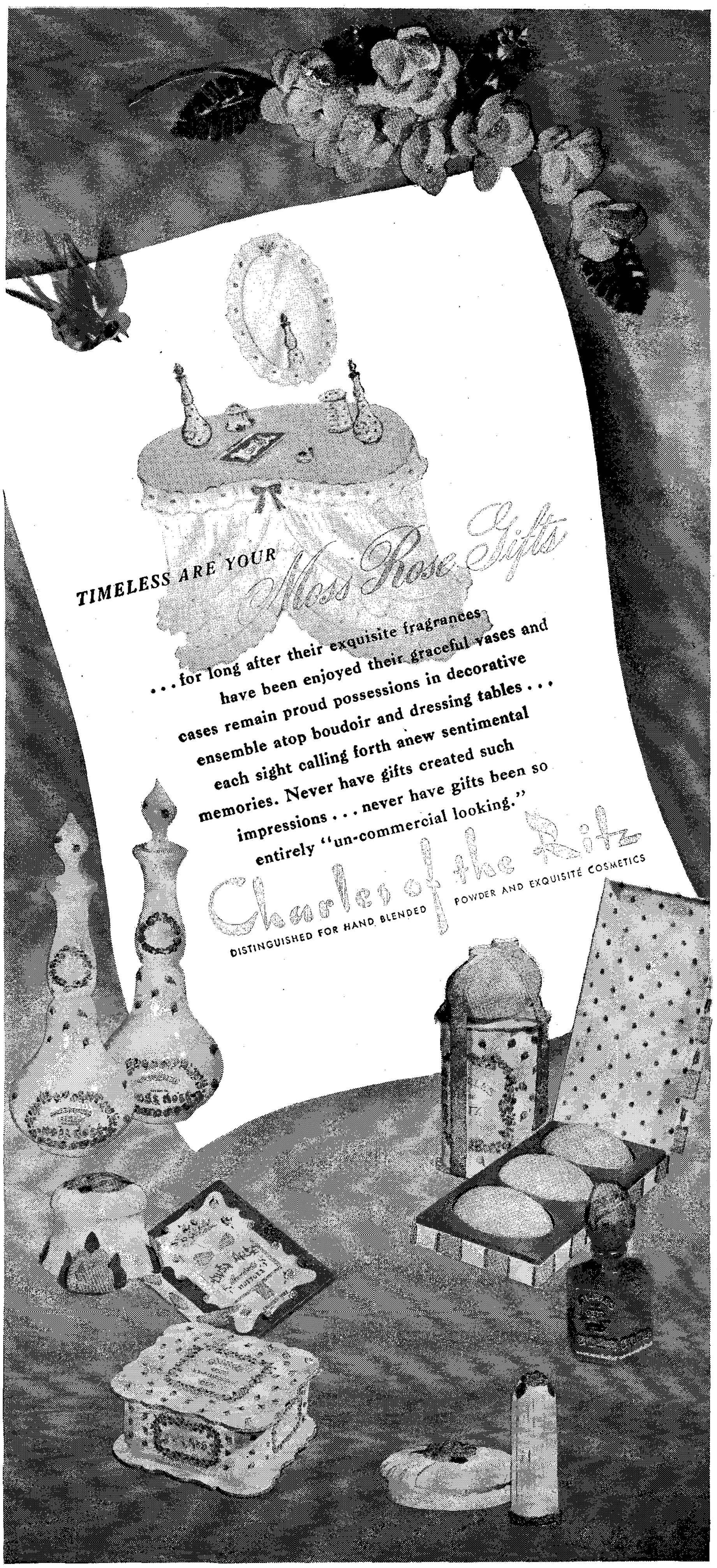

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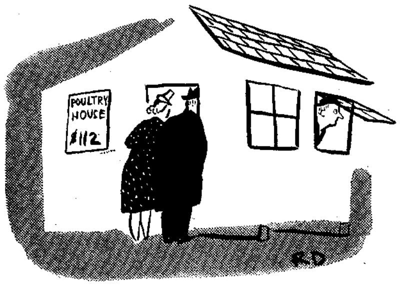
chine shop at night. They don't catch me sleeping.' So I'm going to do like my boss does. I come down here to see about a job, after if I go to school long enough."

As Sam finished talking, I noticed that one of the interviewers was beckoning to me. I crossed the room and sat down on one of two chairs that stood beside his desk. The interviewer was a good-looking man with white hair and mustache and the comforting, unshockable air of a family doctor. "I thought you might be interested in listening to a couple of interviews," he said. "After so many years the Employment Service has things down to a system, but something new is always turning up."

I told the interviewer that as far as I could recall I had never heard of the Employment Service before the war. The interviewer sighed in mock despair. "My, my! We were functioning long before the war," he said. "The Service was started years ago in the Department of Labor as a means of finding jobs for newly arrived immigrants. By the time the depression came along—you remember the depression, don't you?—it was obvious that the country needed a central organization to handle the task of finding work for our millions of unemployed. We began by pooling our facilities with those of the various state employment services. Then, in 1939, we were transferred from the Department of Labor to the Federal Security Agency, and under the Social Security Act it became obligatory for unemployed men and women to register with the Employment Service in order to collect their unemployment insurance. This rule makes it possible for us to keep a constant check on the number and nature of unemployed people throughout the country. When the War Manpower Commission was set up, we were transferred from the Federal Security Agency to the Commission by executive order. We have about three thousand offices scattered around the country. In metropolitan New York alone we have fifteen offices, covering seven different fields, which we identify as Commercial, Hotel and Service, Building and Construction, Farm, Needle Trades, Household, and Industrial. In the old days we had to find jobs for unemployed workers, which was hard enough. Now we have to find unemployed workers for jobs, which is a good deal harder."

I asked the interviewer what, if anything, had been the effect of the so-called work-or-fight speeches made recently by Paul McNutt and other government officials. He frowned. "So far," he said, "there's been no question of compulsion. We'd have fewer headaches if there were. What the government has said is that if 3-A men who are engaged in relatively unimportant occupations, like etching glass or washing dishes in a restaurant, don't transfer to more vital occupations, their draft boards are authorized to place them in 1-A. But even 3-A men in deferred industries are likely to be drafted sooner or later. The point is that, everything else aside, it's better for the country to have a man or woman working in an aluminum plant than in a paper-flower factory. The same thing is true of men and women who have never worked before. All we can do is to try to persuade them nicely to go where they're needed. After Mr. McNutt's speech tens of thousands of men turned up here, thinking they were being forced to change their jobs. They were delighted when they found out they were merely being *asked* to change their jobs. The worker is still his own boss and we're still his humble servants. How long this setup lasts depends, I guess, on how successful our persuasion is."

The Employment Service's persuasion is, the interviewer told me, practiced on a nationwide scale and in a variety of ways. For instance, Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter, and other radio commentators interrupt their programs to inquire, "What's your war job?" Then they urge their listeners to apply to the nearest Service office for further information. Also, for example, Station WNYC broadcasts a daily program entitled "The Want Ad Column of the Air," which is almost completely devoted to listing war jobs. Much the same sort of campaign is being carried on by newspaper publicity, posters, and OWI movie shorts. "Furthermore," said the interviewer, "the factory employers themselves spread the good word. They run ads in the papers urging people to come here for jobs rather than take their chances at the plants. The factory people help us, and we help them, and we all help the people looking for work. It's a regular mutual-benefit society."



THE interviewer glanced at a card on his desk, then called out a name. A plump, rather pretty girl came up and sat down in the other chair beside the desk. She answered a series of set questions in a bored, faraway voice. She was twenty-six, married, and a citizen. She lived in the Bronx. She had no children. Formerly she had been a lingerie saleslady and her husband was a salesman in a haberdashery. The interviewer asked her what sort of job she had in mind. "A war job, of course," she said, smiling at his simple-mindedness.

"You mean in a factory?" the interviewer asked.

"No, a war job," she said. "You know. You must have seen the pictures in the papers—girls in zipper suits. Well, like that. I don't want a dirty job in a factory. Besides, it has to be here in New York. I got to get my husband's breakfast and supper. I got to take care of our apartment."

"It's pretty hard to find work in New York," the interviewer said. "Maybe we can find you something in New Jersey. But even airplanes have to be made in factories, you know."

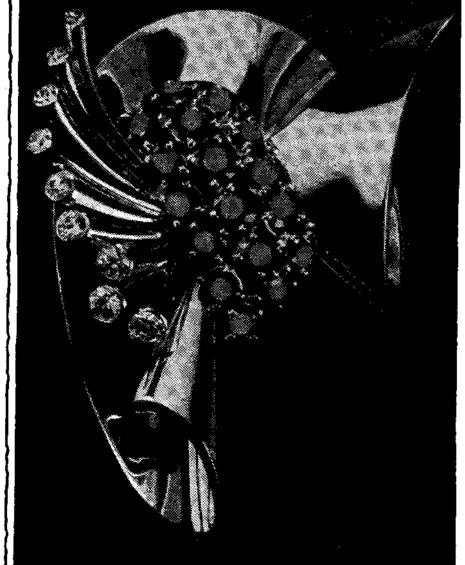
The girl turned her head away. "I guess you don't get it," she said, speaking very precisely. "Jersey doesn't happen to interest me. I'm looking for a war job."

"You might come back again next week if you change your mind," the interviewer said patiently. "We've nothing but factory jobs to offer you now."

As the girl walked away, the interviewer said, "We get a couple of hundred men and women like her every week. They seem to think that a war job is something which has nothing to do with working or sweating or getting dirty. It takes all my training to keep me from telling them where to go."

The next name the interviewer called belonged to the man in the Homburg hat and polka-dot scarf. He sat down eagerly on the edge of the chair and answered the interviewer's questions in a faint, hurried voice, as if to dismiss them as unimportant. He was, he said, an interior decorator specializing in English antiques. He was long past the draft age, but he had read in the newspapers that his occupation was a nondeferable one and he felt that he ought to give it up on that account. He wanted, he said, a *real* job. "Not that I don't believe in living in beautiful surround-

Olga Tritt
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.



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ings, in owning fine books and fine furniture," he said. "But there'll be plenty of time for them after the war." He coughed nervously. "Either there'll be plenty of time or there won't be any time at all," he said, "and I'm ready to do what I can. I saw in the paper this morning that some unskilled men were needed in factories up in Connecticut and I thought to myself: that's the kind of a job for you. You're about as unskilled a man as anyone could hope to find."

WHILE the interviewer and the interior decorator were deciding which of a number of possible factory jobs would be best, I wandered away, found a vacant chair in the crowd, and got into a conversation with a tall, broad-shouldered Negro who had been waiting his turn for an interview for a couple of hours. "All I want is to be treated like a human being," he said slowly. "That's all anybody wants. You look at me. I'm a metalworker. I've been doing that kind of work for a good many years. It's what the people around here call my highest skill. Only they won't anybody employ me at my highest skill. Because I'm a Negro, they'll only employ me as a helper. I had a job for a while in the WPA and afterward in the Department of Sanitation, but now I want to get myself a job like any other man. I been coming here every day for the last two, three months. I got a wife and kids to feed. I got rooms to pay for. The people here say they won't do business with anybody that uses this discrimination policy, but it's funny they don't find me a job. What I tell them is this: What we fighting this war for? What's it all about?"

A red-headed man, obviously Irish, who was sitting next to us, said, "That's right. They got to find work for guys like him and me." When I asked the red-headed man to tell me something about himself, he fumbled inside his leather jacket and brought out a sheaf of papers. "This is my Army record," he explained. "Tells the whole story. I was just a kid up in Massachusetts when the last war started. I was fifteen and I was working in a paper mill. I enlisted and landed in the Second Division in May, 1917. Naturally, I had to lie about my age. I never got up to the front line, but I handled supplies for the big push through the Argonne Forest and at St. Mihiel. In 1919 I was sent back to Camp Devens and discharged.

"I bummed around on a lot of jobs

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COOL as sea spray, bracing, Aqua Velva is the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Try it. Notice how it leaves your skin feeling wonderfully refreshed. Clean, fresh scent.

Avoid waste. Due to war shortages, there is now less Aqua Velva—and nothing can quite take its place. Please use it carefully, so that you will be able to enjoy it without interruption.

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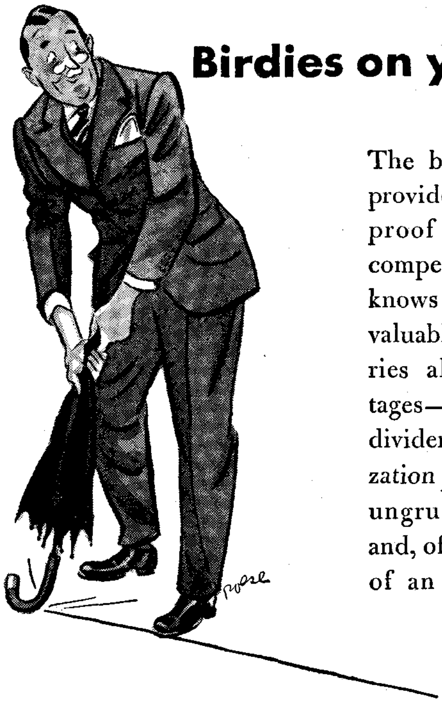

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after that, but none of them was good for long. I went back into the Army from 1925 to 1928. Then the depression come along and I joined up again in 1931. Seems like there wasn't anything else to do. I got out in 1934 and had a couple of good jobs—factories, gas stations, jobs like that. I was all set for life. Then in December, 1941, the week after Pearl Harbor, I figured I'd better enlist again. I just felt like Uncle Sam could use me for something. I was sent down to Bragg, but I hadn't been there more than six or seven months when I got some sort of rheumatic fever and they put me in a hospital. Finally, last October, they give me my discharge. Since then I been looking around. I ought to be pretty handy as a guard around some of these war plants, if they'd give me a chance. But they act like they thought I was a tramp." He pounded his knee with his fist, his eyes round with the excitement of having talked so much, and ducked his head toward the Negro. "I tell you, they got to do it. They got to push us through. That's why we're here. That's what we're waiting for, guys like him and me."

I stood up awkwardly, getting ready to say goodbye. At that moment the interviewers called out half a dozen names at once, and the Irishman and the Negro got up and walked together across the room. —BRENDAN GILL

•

With a typewriter strung around his neck, hip-deep in African surf, Knickerbocker told a capacity crowd at Memorial Hall last night of his experiences with the Allied forces.—*Stanford University Daily.*

Most speakers are exhibitionists by nature.

•

"I once experimented with a man who fasted 42 days for me," he said. "He also walked 10 miles each day during the fast. It was not so bad, although he was a little hungry at the end of the first month."—*Dr. Anton J. Carlson quoted in the Chicago Daily News.*

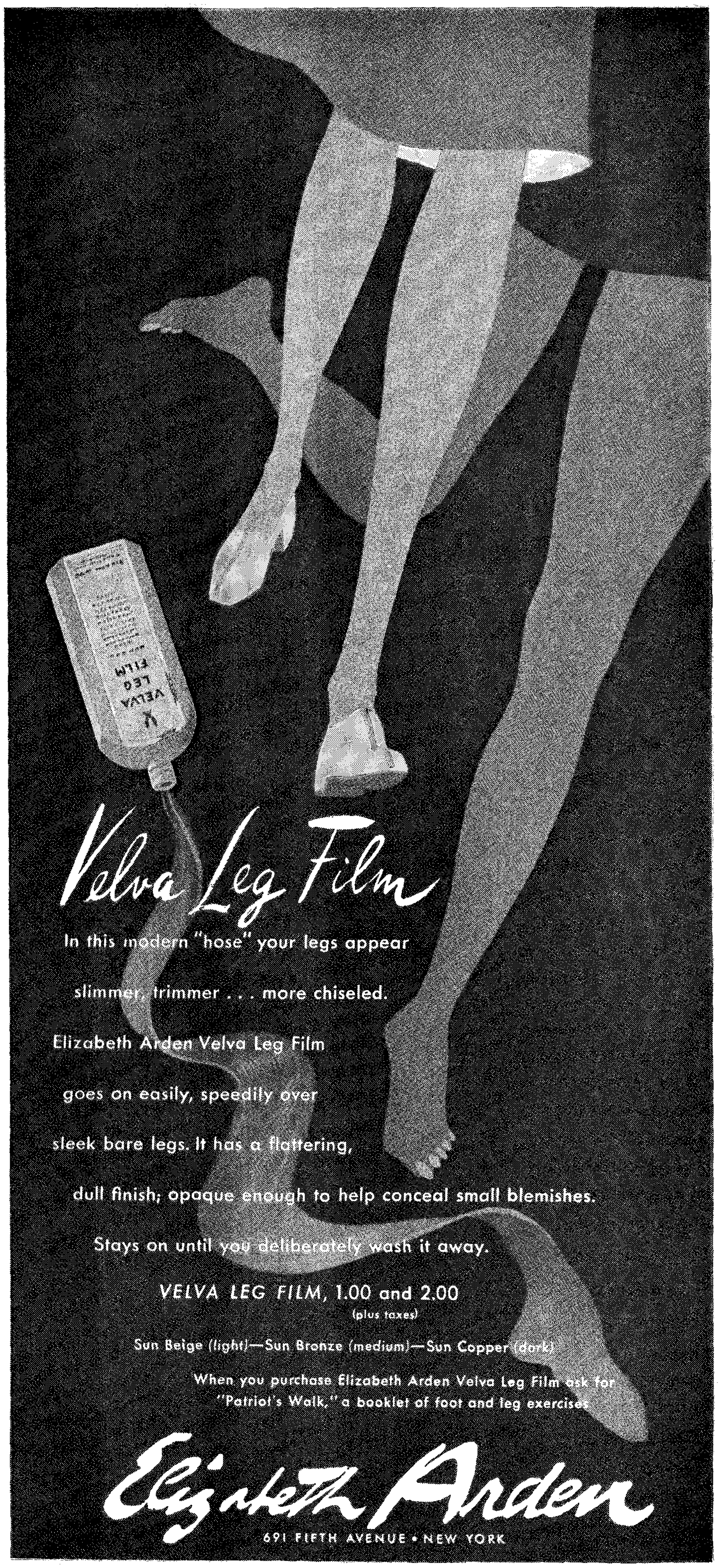
Nothing that a good steak wouldn't fix up, eh, Doc?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Announcement that the area quota was 75 per cent in came at noon, but was coupled with a warning by Allan Sproul, chairman of the district finance committee for the drive, that individuals, for the most part, will have to carry the ball down the homestretch.



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Elizabeth Arden Velva Leg Film goes on easily, speedily over sleek bare legs. It has a flattering, dull finish; opaque enough to help conceal small blemishes.

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You can't match this ORIGINAL *Dark Jamaica Rum*

You'll enjoy *both* the deeper, richer colour of a Rum Cocktail made with *Myers's*—*and* its more mellow, full-bodied flavour! When ordering—or serving at home—remember:

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To: DAD From: DAUGHTER

You brought me up to make my own decisions—so here's one: more study, yes, but for the kind of job I will stick to—a job in the fashion merchandising field. The study: at Tobé-Coburn School, of course. The job: something to do with clothes. Be a lamb and get a catalog. Classes begin July 12. • TOBÉ-COBURN SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS, 7th Floor, One West 57th St., New York.

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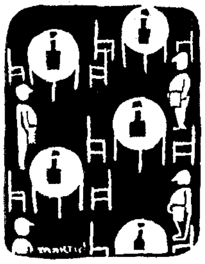
TABLES FOR TWO

Overtrained



IT'S rather touching to see the guests in what the Plaza somewhat arbitrarily calls its Persian Room joining conscientiously in the spirit of the amiable abuse to which Hildegarde subjects them. Hildegarde is of course an old favorite at the Plaza, and the audiences there know in advance that they are going to be the target for some of her frolicsome banter. They are consequently all keyed up and ready for anything. The first time a gentleman at a ringside table is asked "How's the love department?" or "Won't you smile for me just once?" the sally is greeted by almost universal merriment. From then on, everybody is so eager to respond that as often as not there will be quite a bit of scattered laughter before Hildegarde has got a quip fairly launched. Sometimes, when it is launched, it turns out not to be worth so raucous a response and then embarrassment is rampant. In these cases Hildegarde can only blame herself for having built up such a sparkling reputation.

As for her singing, it is much as always, being based, as always, a little more on personality than voice. Her repertory has a strong patriotic flavor these days, which is to the good, since the personality aforesaid is geared to vigorous, buoyant efforts. In the non-patriotic line, she seems to have replaced "The Last Time I Saw Paris," her old mainstay, with "As Time Goes By." An elderly male customer was overheard the other night expressing bitter disappointment at this switch, but he must have been an exceptional diehard. You've got to be pretty reactionary as it is to be still able to listen to "As Time Goes By" at this late date, the more so when it continues to be sung, by Hildegarde and everyone else who continues to sing it, with heavy solemnity. There is a strong suspicion of kidding in the grandeur of the lyric that the nation's vocalists seem to have overlooked. Hildegarde goes so far as to have herself specially spotlit for her rendition of it, and when she does something special in the way of self-lighting, it has dignity enough for Schubert's "Ave Maria."

A LESS elaborate performer, but one who also relies a good deal on personality, is Mme. Claude Alphand, who is content to do her turn at the Blue Angel in a blouse and skirt (probably not too inexpensive a blouse and skirt, however). Mme. Alphand merely sings simple French songs in French, but she makes them so palatable that you know she must have added a liberal dash of charm, probably of that foreign brand known as Gallic. To that, furthermore, she has added a guitar accompaniment, played by herself. With her at the Blue Angel are not, as you would suspect, Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, but three other people. One of them is Miss Sylvia Marlowe, who plays a well-tempered harpsichord. This instrument, to be sure, is somewhat outmoded, but Miss Marlowe has put together some semi-hot arrangements of good old-fashioned harpsichordian music that sound fine. The others on the bill are Hector Montverde, who sings in Spanish, and Miss Brenda Forbes, who sings comic songs in English but might do better to take up some foreign tongue in which her material wouldn't be quite so starkly intelligible.

IF the fact that Alec Templeton is in the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf has slipped your mind, it's time to recall it, because he won't be there much longer. He appears only for the supper show, but while he's at it he gives you considerably more than your cover charge's worth. There are three departments in which he is gifted—mimicry, improvisation, and straight musicianship—and you get plenty of samples from all three. The best sport for everyone concerned is undoubtedly the improvising, his system being to call for groups of four pieces of the audience's choosing and work each group into an impromptu composition. If you go prepared, you may be able to slow him up with a request like "Any three Gregorian chants and the samba 'Brazil.' " On the other hand, if you want to give him a fairly easy time, you can call for "Blues in the Night" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and let somebody else pick the others, because he apparently has a sort of contrapuntal arrangement of those two all down pat.

A PLEASANT surprise to be found at Le Ruban Bleu is Eddie Mayehoff, who has always seemed an in-and-out comedian but whose current routine is mainly in. He does all the dangerous impersonations, the ones that generally cause your toes to curl, such as the clubwoman and the operatic soprano, but somehow most of them turn out pretty well. Maxine Sullivan is still over there too and once in a while she sings "Loch Lomond," which takes everybody way back to 1937 or so, when she started swinging Scotland onto the map. Also in the show are Betty Bryant, who goes right on bringing back oldish popular songs that deserve it, and one Maurice Rocco, who prefers to remain standing while he plays boogie-woogie.

THE Hurricane has converted itself to a jive palace by employing Duke Ellington and his orchestra and turning the dance floor over to the hep set. Actually, Mr. Ellington's stuff is worth sitting still and listening to, although all the fans he is currently attracting appear to love him for the exercise he can give them. The other night at the Hurricane, incidentally, the headwaiter was forced to remind a heedless youth of the realities of the times. There was quite a crowd waiting for tables and this rash boy finally complained of the delay. "There's nothing we can do about it," the headwaiter told him. "If we don't have a table, we don't have a table. This is war."... Another fellow who doesn't seem to be as mindful of the emergency as he should be is the doorman at the Stork Club, who is signalling for taxis these nights with a flashlight not even the upper half of which is dimmed.

—D. E. L.

•

In a machine of the character described, the combination of an array of totalizer wheels arranged to be propelled through multiple predetermined circumferential superpositions; means for variously measuring the magnitude of optionally determinable superpositions comprising a pre-arranged taxonomy of a consecutive succession of denominational manipulative devices of substantially minimum dactylonomy; an intrinsically heterogeneous precomputed taxonomy of abutments controlled thereby arranged in nonconsecutive monodromic sequence and in denominational seriatim concatenation; and means coöperating with the aforesaid abutments to transvert the heterogeneous taxonomy into a compensated sequence of multiple equiangular predesigned magnitudes compatible with said circumferential superpositions substantially as described.—*Coxhead & Norton Patent, U. S. Patent No. 1986137, Original Claim No. 22.*

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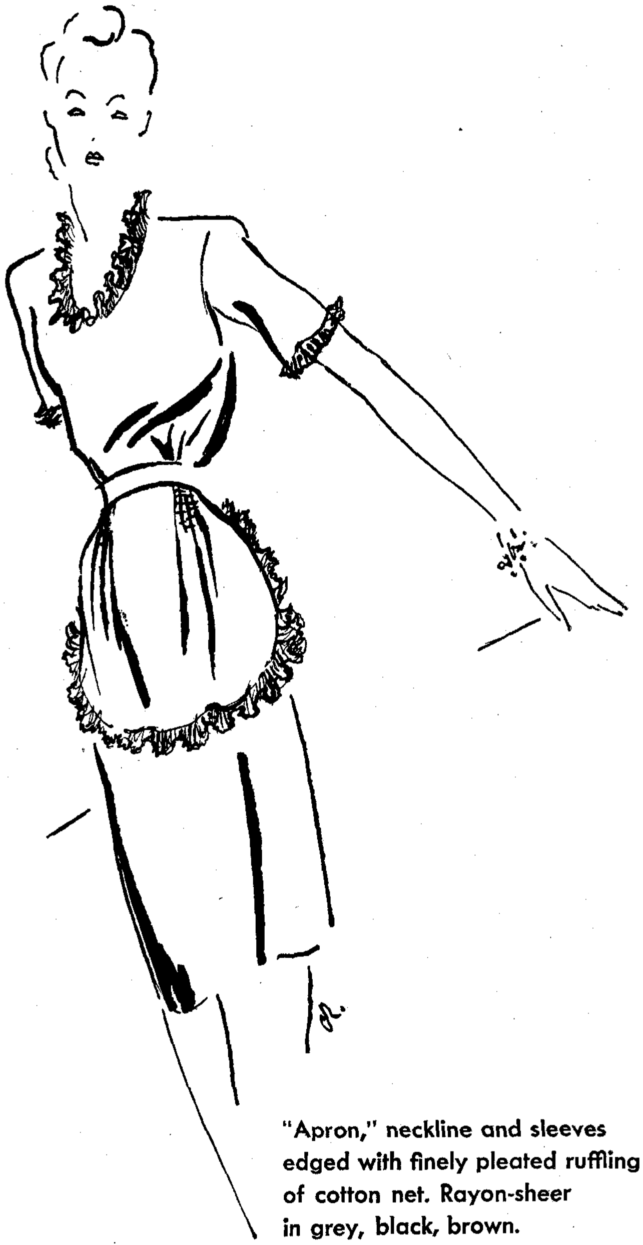
Young-Timers Sheer
19.95



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

"Apron," neckline and sleeves edged with finely pleated ruffling of cotton net. Rayon-sheer in grey, black, brown.

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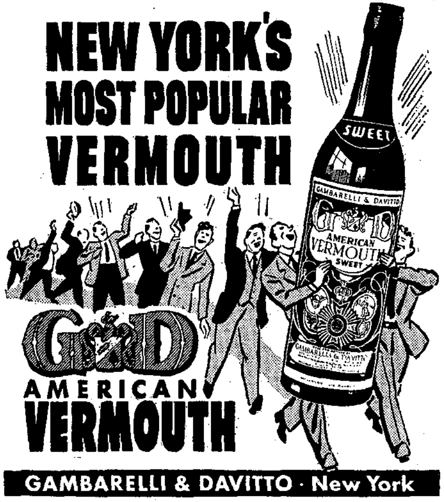

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★

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

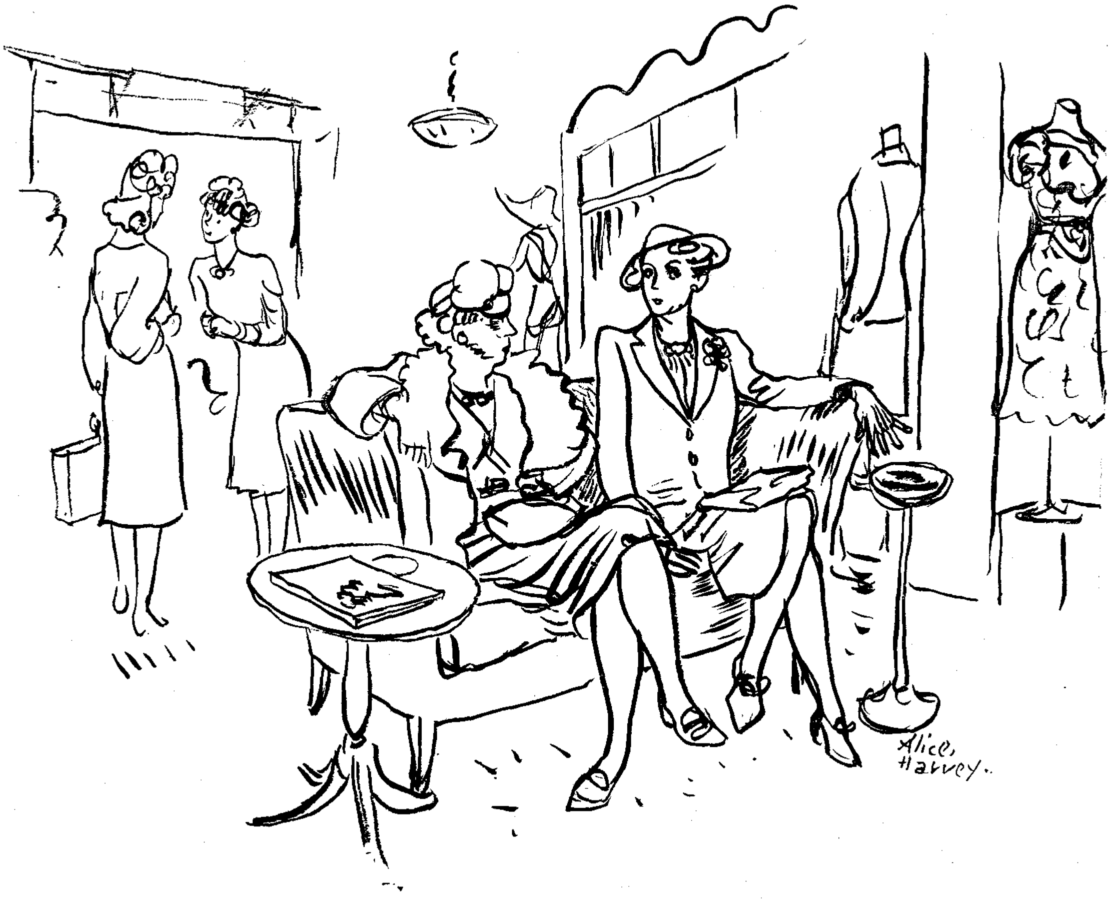
INFORMATION

IT'S a clear-cut sign of the times that the high spot of the current outdoor-furnishings season is no new and exotic development in furniture design, but paint—a paint for canvas, to renew its youth and beauty. The stuff is called Setfast. You may have heard about it, or even used it, as an awning paint when it was brought out last year. It was impracticable then on anything that might come in contact with clothing, shoes, and so on because of a powdery residue which rubbed off on things, but now that it is accompanied by a sealing finish-coat preparation, it may safely be applied to anything at all which involves canvas and kindred cottons. Consequently, it is something no owner of worn but salvagable deck chairs, hammocks, canvas-cushioned gliders, lawn umbrellas, and the like should overlook.

It comes in ten colors, and white and black. They can be mixed, too, like other paints, so you can achieve almost any desired shade. Applied with brush or airbrush, the paint sinks in like a dye, penetrating the weave and leaving no surface coating to stiffen and crack. Items which have been treated with it become water-repellent and mildew-proof, as well as fresh and beautiful. Dark-over-light is, of course, the rule if you want to change the color scheme of whatever you're painting; aside from that you're on your own if you want to try such things as putting stripes on solid-colored canvas. Even sisal and fibre rugs can be painted with this stuff. So can Venetian-blind tapes, tents, golf bags, canvas boating equipment, beach bags, the kids' sneakers, and fabric tops of convertible cars. Hammacher Schlemmer, Wanamaker, McCreery, and Gimbel sell Setfast at around fifty cents a half-pint to $5 a gallon each for the color and overcoating (a quart of each is supposed to cover some sixty square feet of surface, or the equivalent of two average window awnings). Now that new outdoor furnishings are as rare as porterhouse steak and canvas promises to remain at a premium, this looks like one good way to bolster up the home front on porch and terrace.

IN stores which are able to make any sort of showing at all in outdoor furniture, wood is so far in the lead that there isn't a runner-up worth mentioning. Even at Abercrombie & Fitch, once a stronghold of elaborate wrought-iron, bamboo, and rattan confections, the stars of the present collection are massive pieces made of American cypress, a blond wood which they claim will last longer than any of us and rubs up to such a handsome natural finish that the things made of it—tables, chairs and loveseats, a cocktail cart, and the like—might even, in a pinch, be used indoors. A set consisting of a loveseat and two armchairs, with back and seat cushions cotton-covered in what they call Chinese colors (coral, blue, soft green), comes to $158. One of those cocktail-lounge units—a sofa which turns a corner and can be split up into five separate seats—is $243. All in all, these make fine substitutes for yesteryear's grandeur in terrace furnishings.

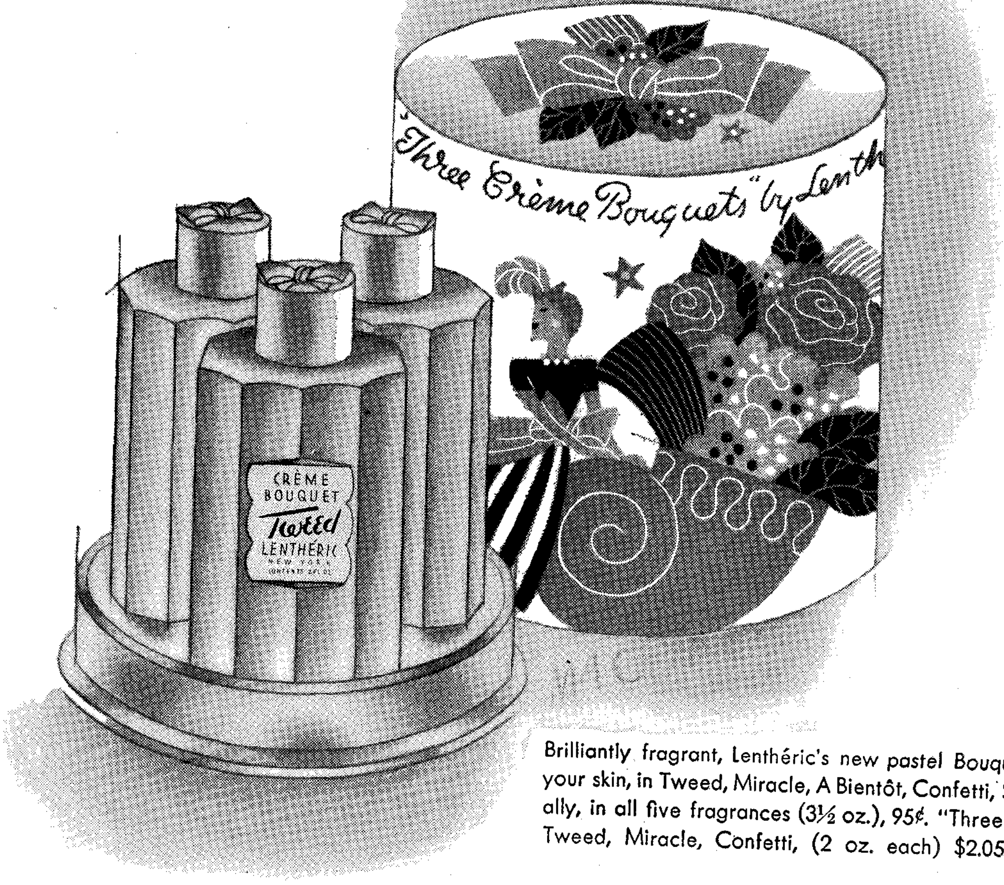
Abercrombie isn't going to let the great American dinner table suffer for lack of color, glitter, and novelty, either. Some new wares in silver combined with crystal are aimed at the season's brides, who should be the last to complain. In the group are compotes and jam pots of the crystal, which is clear, plain, and sparkling, set upon bright silver bases in a beaded pattern and having silver lids and ladles (from $15). A silver-footed salad bowl to match is $35 and lovely for flowers, too. Salt-and-pepper and cream-and-sugar sets are $12.50 and $15; a dinner bell costs $7.50. If you're considering a pottery present, I don't know where you can find anything nicer than a tureen they sell at $10; it's in the shape of a duck, has lots of color and a good high glaze, and can



"I get twice as tired shopping for things I need as I used to get shopping for things I really wanted."

Something to shout about!

CRÈME BOUQUET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hold soup or stew enough to feed at least six. Small individual ducks to ladle the contents into are $2 each. A baked-bean set of an ovenproof earthenware pot, in the classic shape, and six little pots for individual service comes on a wooden serving board which can also be used for cheese and crackers; $15 for the works. If you can look at fine examples of the Jumbo coffee cup without bursting into tears, Abercrombie has some dandies for only $2.50 each, which could serve as soup cups, and nicely, too. These things bear barnyard designs and homely mottoes and couldn't be better for serving up a hearty soup at lunch time, or in the living room before you sit down to your egg dinner on meatless Tuesdays.

THERE'S further wedding-present loot at Alfred Orlik, 421 Madison Avenue (49th). A great deal of it makes concessions to scaled-down budgets and all of it is right up to established standards of style and quality. Glass bottles, handpainted in a style resembling the Czechoslovakian peasant manner, are something new for this place, which once wouldn't have touched anything made of less than lead crystal. They're lovely. Tall, slender wine bottles for an informal table or sideboard are $15 a pair; two with handles, marked for oil and vinegar, are $10. A fat cookie jar is $7.50 and a gallon jug, fine for cider or for wine vinegar in a country kitchen, costs $12.50. These things are at the lower end of the Orlik price range. At the other extreme is the shop's own spode china in the lush orchid pattern—a different exotic blossom or spray upon each of a dozen des-

sert or dinner plates and demitasses. The backgrounds are a soft French blue and celadon, and the things are priced, fairly enough for really fine modern tableware, at $165 a dozen for the dessert plates, $185 for the dinner plates, and $135 for the demitasses. At that, although this design is a great beauty, I doubt if it ever will have as wide an appeal as Orlik's famous English Birds one in Royal Worcester, which started off in much the same limited way some years ago (at about the same prices, too) and which now, quite literally by popular request, is available in every sort of table piece. The Birds pattern is open stock in one of the most complete services to be found anywhere—plates, serving pieces, a three-piece tea set, individual ash trays and cigarette cups for the table; everything, really. Almost every piece shows a different bird; fortunately, there seems to be no end to the varieties that inhabit the British Isles. If you're starting off a young bride with a dinner service for four in this pattern—or with the tea set, or with demitasses—Orlik will keep a record of the birds on the pieces you choose, so that when she adds to her set in the years to come there won't be any chance of duplication. That's the kind of optimism it's pleasant to meet up with in a shop today. —B. B.

•

Gravel-throated Andy Devine got into a nautical tangle yesterday—and his fellow players in "Corvettes in Action" are still laughing about it.

Just before the start of a scene, Lieut. John Sturdy, who is acting as technical advisor on the picture, told Devine to get a sexton for the scene. For a moment Andy just looked blank. Then he stammered, "Y-y-you mean a s-s-sexton?"

"That's right," replied Sturdy.

Devine then turned to Director Richard Rosson. "But, Dick, in the script this scene doesn't call for a preacher." That was as far as he got. The set fairly shook with laughter.

In case you too might be confused, a sexton is a nautical instrument used to tell time by the sun.—*Press release from RKO-Radio Pictures.*

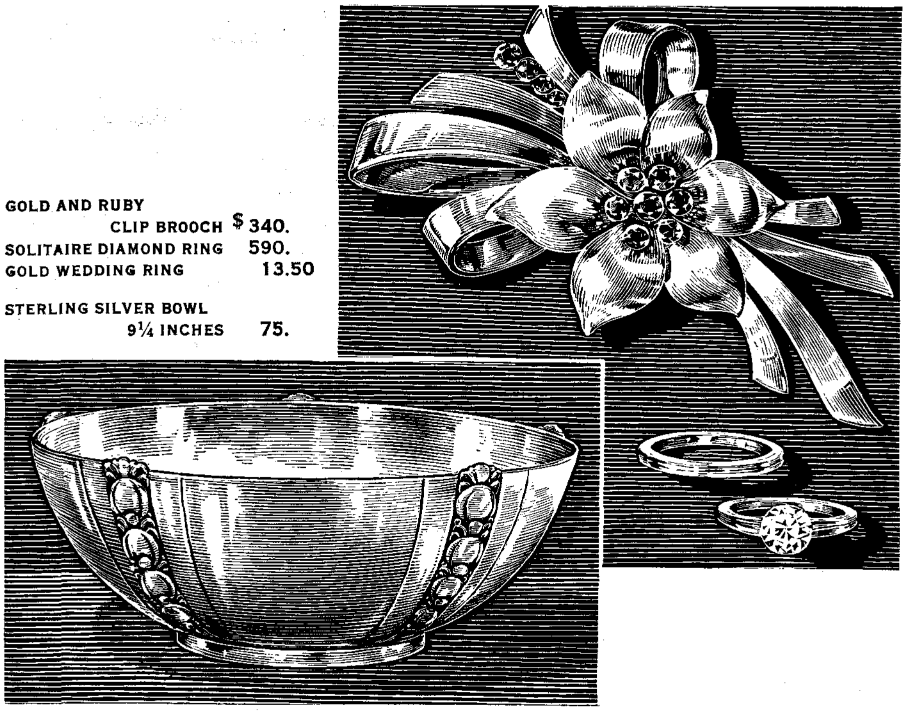
You needn't worry about us.

•

WHICH SIGN IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY D'YA READ?

The Library is not responsible for overcoats, parcels, etc., unless they are checked near the entrance doors.—*Sign in the main reading room.*

The Library will use its best efforts to care for all articles checked, but it can assume no responsibility for them or their contents.—*Sign in the checkroom near the main entrance.*



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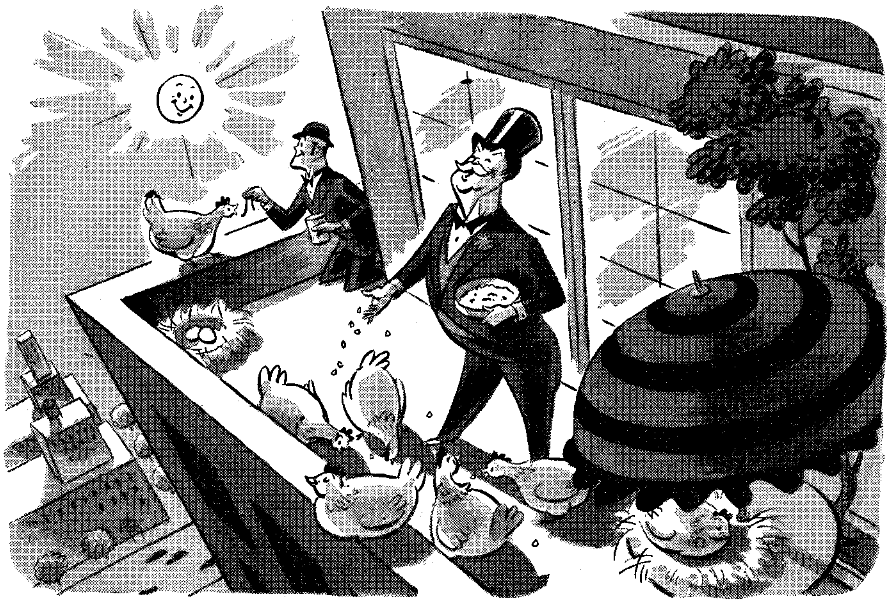

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IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE

IT is the kind of barbershop where everyone turns and stares when the door opens and a customer comes in. The four barbers, the manicurist, and the shine boy all turn, and conversation stops. Then they go back to their work and their talk, ignoring the newcomer unless he is someone they know. If he is someone they know, he is likely to be expensively dressed and have a cigar in his mouth smoked halfway down, sticking straight out, and to announce himself with a prepared jest. He is very often an agent or bookie, or maybe an actor or gossip columnist—a man with a little time to spare. It is a small, narrow, busy place on one of the side streets off Hollywood Boulevard. The covers are seldom attached to the magazines, the wires of the massage equipment coil around in quantities of hair cuttings, the radio is always on.

Lou, second chair, was working on his first customer that morning, a bit player from one of the boarding houses up on Yucca Boulevard. The bit player was gray with hangover and out of respect for his condition Lou had worked in reluctant silence for ten minutes.

Ralph, the Negro shine boy, came along and touched the toe of the bit player's shoe, then pulled up his box and went to work. The way he moved and smiled gave the impression of a man who isn't so much working as sharing a fraternal interlude with other men, important men who don't have to grind away at labor all day. The expansive talk along the row of chairs, the gags, the tonics, the radio jive, seemed to have soaked into and become part of him.

Lou regarded him without expression. "Well," he said, "the smart money didn't do so good yesterday." Lou was an energetic, iron-fingered man who liked to talk. Ten minutes' courtesy was enough for a bit player.

Ralph grinned and shook his head. "They did bad in the first and third all right, but after that there wasn't no long shots come down."

"There wasn't?" Lou repeated, argumentatively. He was a dark barber, with the face of a south European. The light barbers in California don't talk much and are mostly from Iowa. They are apt to be tall, dry, bony men who give a straight barber-school haircut. "There wasn't?" Lou said. "Then how about the fifth? Who win the fifth?"

"That was Lachrymose. Don't you recall? The smart money was on him."

"You're wrong," Lou said. "They had Larkspur."

"They had Larkspur, that's right. Then Larkspur was scratched and they had Lachrymose." A slight unsureness had crept into the shine boy's eyes and voice. "That's how it was. Ask Jim."

"That's right," Jim, third chair, said. He was a light barber from Iowa.

Ralph nodded, pleased. "It was like I was telling Skolsky before he went out—"

"Who?" Lou stopped and looked at him. "You was telling who?"

"Skolsky. Sid—"

"*Mr.* Skolsky." Lou raised his voice. "You was telling *Mr.* Skolsky. And you wasn't telling him, he was telling you. Remember that."

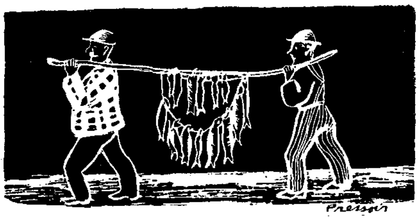
The moment Lou spoke, Ralph ducked down over the tan, wedge-soled shoe. The top of his head was smooth and egg-shaped, the short, black hair thinning toward the back. When he looked up, his face was still affable and nonchalant, but his glance was controlled. It fell exactly midway between the two barbers. "He said he thought maybe he could put me in his colyum this week. About what I said about the colored boys fighting in Africa. He thought that was pretty good."

Lou snorted, and Ralph was immediately busy moving his shine box from the right to the left side. "When hell freezes over, you'll be in a colyum," Lou said. Ralph whistled under his breath, with his shoulders hunched, and shuffled the cans of paste around in the box. From above, the black, narrow head looked fragile, as if it would break easily.

The door opened and a man walked in. Everyone turned and stared, then turned away. The bit player lit a cigarette and said, "Flamingo might have copped in the second if there'd been another boy up, a nag like that." It was his contribution to diplomacy and good will.

Lou shrugged. "If. That's like everybody says Dempsey could have beat Louis. Sure he could. But you can't prove it."

Ralph looked up again. The expression on his face was affable and interested, as if he had just joined them. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Louis been champion a long time. He's beat more ex-champions than anybody else. He's beat—" His voice trailed off.



Lou had halted his work and was looking at the shine boy with upraised eyebrows. "Do you hear that, Jim?" he asked. "Louis has beat more ex-champions than anybody. That's very good, isn't it? Where did you get it?" he said, turning all the way around to Ralph. "Did you maybe read it somewhere or make it up yourself?"

"Everybody knows that," the shine boy said.

"It's good," Lou said loudly. "It's very good. You ought to put it in the paper. Don't you think so, Jim? Don't you think that's good enough for the paper? Maybe even for Skolsky's colyum."

"He's a good champion," Ralph said. He was bent low over the bit player's shoe, but he raised his voice a little. "He's been champion a long time. And now he's in the Army."

The bit player shifted in the chair. "Don't take too much off the sides," he said.

AFTER the hot towels the bit player felt better. He glanced at the paper in his lap and shook his head. "Those Russians."

"You're damn right, those Russians!" Lou said, with such intensity that the bit player turned and looked at him. "We'll win the war because of those Russians." He shook a bottle of tonic violently over the bit player's head, then stopped short. "But it won't make any difference. We haven't learned anything. We'll go on kicking each other around, all the countries kicking each other around until we have to do it all over again in a few years." He rubbed the bit player's head so hard his teeth rattled.

"We'll win it all right," the bit player agreed when he could speak.

Lou halted instantly. "You don't understand," he said. His voice was low-pitched and intense. "You're American. You don't know what it is in Europe—the hate. I was born and raised there. My mother was Greek, my father Italian. The Italians hated me for a Greek, the Greeks because I'm half wop. They both hate the French, the French hate them. The Germans hate everybody. Result, war, and always war until the hating stops. Why do they hate? They're all men, aren't they—all white, two arms, two legs, a head? Why do they hate?"

"Well," the bit player said unhappily,

"I think first we better win the fighting war."

"Sure, sure. Beat the Nazis, beat the Japs, sure. After Pearl Harbor I didn't even come to work. I went to the Army. That was Monday and Tuesday. The Army said no good here." The barber tapped the brush over his heart. "I went to the Navy, they said too old. I went to the Marines, they said Christ, no. So I work and sock every nickel into War Bonds, and at night and Sunday I'm an auxiliary police—hat, whistle, club, walk my damn feet off." He swept the sheet away. "Someday they'll call me."

The bit player reached for his coat on the rack, and the shine boy, who had been working on another customer, came up to help him. He had a copy of a picture magazine that had apparently just come in. He opened the magazine to a layout on the South Sea Islands, mostly pictures of young black women naked to the waist, and held it up for the bit player to see. "Maybe some of our boys won't want to come back if it's like this," he said, grinning.

"Who won't want to come back?" Lou demanded. "Maybe it's different with you Central Avenue bucks, but our boys will want to come back all right. And don't you forget it."

Ralph ducked, like a boxer. When he looked up again, halfway up, his eyes were flat and he was smiling. "That's a nice tweed," he said, helping the bit player with his coat. "I got one at home something almost like it. It makes a nice tweed." He smiled and nodded and brushed his own sleeve with his hand before turning back to work.

—Paul Kunasz

•

PIQUE OF PERFECTION

A man of 38 is in the peak period of his mental powers, but his physical condition has been slowly declining from the high point reached at around 25.—*The Times.*

When I was five and twenty,
And sportively inclined,
I had physique aplenty
But very little mind,

Whereas, now grown maturer,
And all of thirty-eight,
My mental powers are surer
But, oh, my body's state!

A sage whose pace is slowing
Supplants the virile dunce.
There seems no way of knowing
The best of me at once.

—Richard Armour

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby Tip

IN considering this weekend's Kentucky Derby, let's dispose of Count Fleet as quickly as possible. Some people thought that he was out of the running after he was spiked in the Wood Memorial, but they were wrong. The injury wasn't anything to make a great fuss over. Lots of less important horses have had the same thing happen to them and have gone right on racing. So, barring some unpredictable occurrence, Count Fleet is going to run, and of course he's going to win. What academic speculation one hears is confined to guessing how fast he will run. Impartial trainers say that if the going is good he may break Whirlaway's record of 2:01⅖ for the mile and a quarter. One thing you may be sure of: Count Fleet's odds will be short. Last time I inquired he was 2–5 in the future books, Derby odds which, if memory serves, are an all-time low. People who object to favorites on principle may get what comfort they can in recalling that in the last twenty years only three future-book choices for the Derby have won. They were Morvich, Gallant Fox, and Reigh Count, Count Fleet's papa.

This brings up the much less important question of who'll get second money in the Derby. My guess is that the lucky one will be Blue Swords. There's nothing new I can say about him except that I think he's the second-best three-year-old. As for Gold Shower, I can offer no encouragement to anyone who may have been flabbergasted by his fast workouts. He's by Jean Valjean and so, not to be long-winded about it, comes from a family better known for speed than control. Ocean Wave, another three-year-old, has a tail only an inch or two shorter than his stablemate Whirlaway's famous one, but I don't think that's going to matter much. Nor should the fact that Ocean Wave beat Amber Light and Seven Hearts, who is supposed to run so well in the mud, in the Blue Grass Stakes last week.

SOMEONE whose name escapes me right now once said that there's nothing so interesting as a million dollars. Well, over two million, or $2,162,046, were wagered on the seven races at Jamaica last Saturday. It was an interesting day in other respects as well. In winning the Excelsior that afternoon, Riverland probably ran as well as he ever has or will. I'm willing to string along with those who think that he's one of our too few top-class handicap horses. He's going down to Pimlico this weekend for the Dixie. I fancy that the only runner he'll have to worry about in that race is Attention, who has been training awfully well. Apache, who dead-heated with Riverland when they met a week before at Jamaica, ran too badly for words in the Excelsior. Maybe he's had too many races too close together.

I MUST say, though you may have other ideas, that I think Mrs. Dodge Sloan's Dare Me is the best two-year-old who has raced this spring at Jamaica. Dare Me is such a strapping filly that it's hard to realize she is a half sister to Pomayya, who is lean and hungry-looking. Now that the weather is improving, more of the good younger horses ought to be coming to the races. Since the season has been so backward, almost all anyone knows about them, though, is their breeding and their names, which are pretty good. Of the Greentree Stable's names I especially liked Broad Grin for a colt by The Porter out of Delight, Clansman for one out of Plaid, and Tambo for one by Mr. Bones. Some of Lieutenant Alfred Vanderbilt's lot also are particularly well named. (Vanderbilt doesn't think up the names himself; he selects the ones he likes from those submitted by readers of the *Turf & Sport Digest.*) For example, there are Good Thing for a filly by Discovery out of Little Sleeper, Public Opinion for a colt by Questionnaire out of Penny Postal, and Sixteen Cents for one by The Porter out of Air Special.

Last season not many two-year-olds were given names with a wartime flavor, but this spring there's a spate of them. To list a few, there are Expendable, Navy Nurse, Stalingrad, Tracer Bullet, F. B. Eye (Mr. Hoover or his department gets into the list every year), Middle Watch, Depth Charge (a half brother to Count Fleet), Desert Battle, Troop Train, Plasma (a half sister to Now What), Air Supremacy, Big Raid, For Valour, Patriotism (a full brother of Ocean Wave), Alamein, Signals Bloke, P T Boat, Captains Aide, Scuttle Butt, and White Paper. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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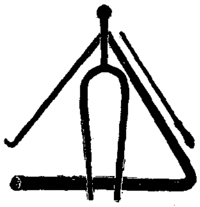

THE Metropolitan set a "Parsifal" record for itself last week when it put on Wagner's consecrational festival play three times within four days—once in Philadelphia and twice in New York. It may be, too, that the audiences for the local presentations were of record size. It certainly seemed that way to people who tried vainly to buy seats and then had to stand through the performances.

The "Parsifal" audience isn't like other musical gatherings. One doesn't go to "Parsifal" unless one is devoted to the work, and nothing in the Metropolitan repertoire is received with quite the attention that is bestowed on Wagner's last stage production. I saw several standees studying complete orchestral scores while the opera was in progress. You don't see that sort of research under difficulties at any other piece in the Met's repertory.

"Parsifal," as the Metropolitan produces it, has become a fairly standardized offering, and the principal news about last week's performances was the first local appearance of Rose Bampton as Kundry and of Norman Cordon as Gurnemanz. I had heard Miss Bampton singing Kundry in a concert version of "Parsifal" conducted by Leopold Stokowski in Philadelphia a number of years ago. It was a good singing job then, and last week it was an even better one. Miss Bampton's acting was simple and unobtrusive. Mr. Cordon managed to make the lengthy statements of Gurnemanz seem reasonable and he sang well. All three performances involved Lauritz Melchior as Parsifal—an endurance test as well as an artistic one, which Mr. Melchior handled with his customary success.

Erich Leinsdorf made his last appearances as a regular Metropolitan conductor with these "Parsifal" performances. He moves to Cleveland next season to take over that city's symphony, and if he does anything operatic here it will be as a guest maestro. Probably no other conductor as young as Mr. Leinsdorf has ever had so crowded a career at the Metropolitan. Though he had had comparatively little experience, he took over the task of handling most of the German repertory, and he was so

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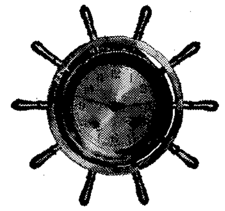

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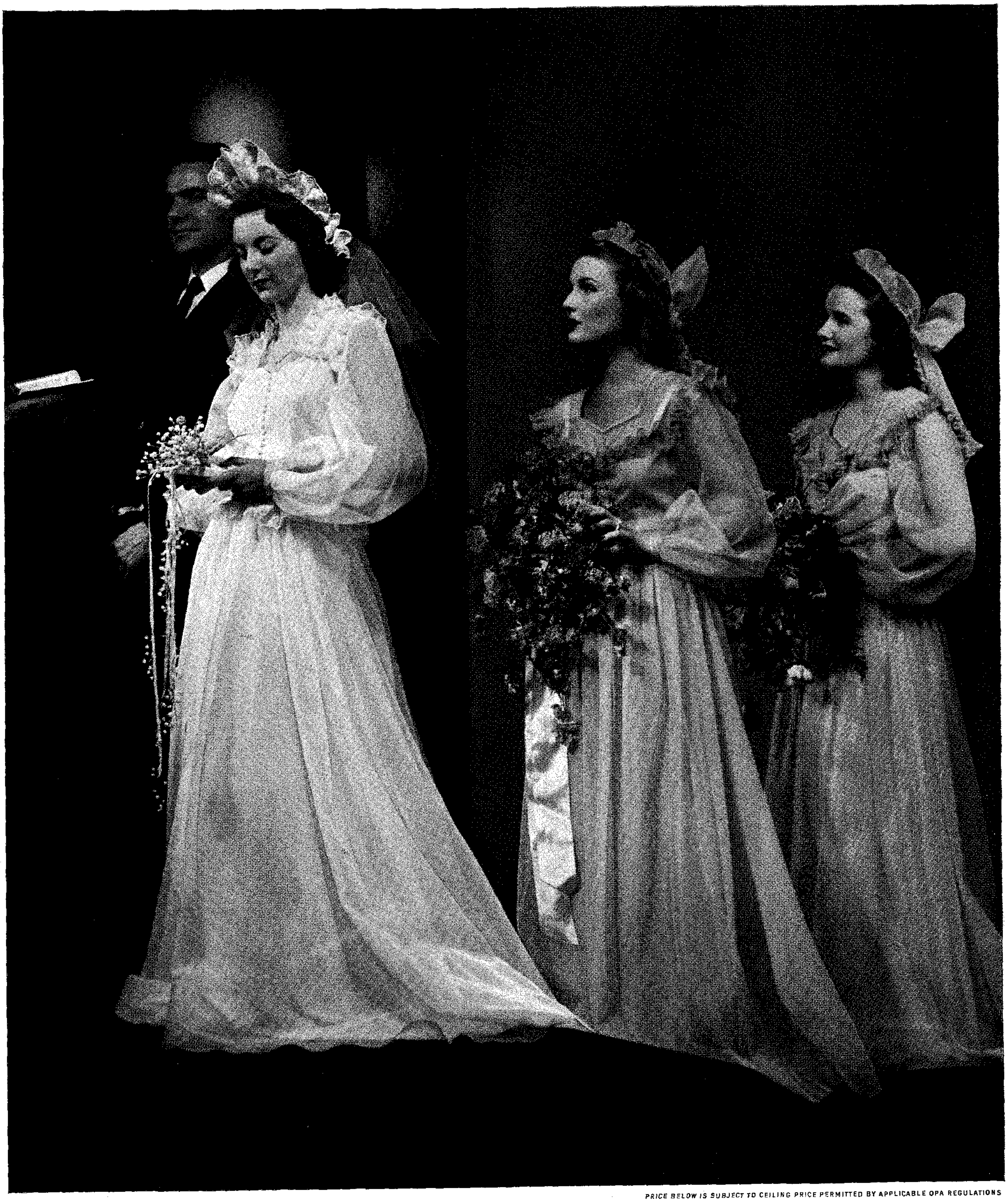

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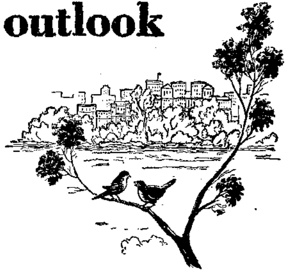

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effective that he stayed on the job.

This year the entirely serious parts of "Parsifal" seemed more convincing than the episode in which Parsifal encounters the flower maidens. Lately the Metropolitan flower maidens have been attractively costumed and have acted like something besides old-line operatic sirens, and in last year's "Parsifal" they were thoroughly engaging. This year, however, several of the flower maidens marred the dramatic effect of their scene by acting worried about catching their cues. Inevitably, there's something unseductive and distracting about cue watching.

YOU may have heard of people who borrowed money to get tickets for a Toscanini concert. Well, Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Toscanini conducted the N.B.C. Symphony in a Tchaikovsky program before an audience that had lent millions of dollars to get in, for the house was made up entirely of people who had bought War Bonds to obtain admission. Mr. Toscanini directed the sixth symphony and the first piano concerto (with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist), and these brilliant interpretations are already old favorites with his audiences. Not so many visitors, however, had heard him present the "Nutcracker" suite. His doings with these ballet pieces were a revelation of the charm and humor they contain. The whole event, in all its aspects, was one of Mr. Toscanini's best contributions.

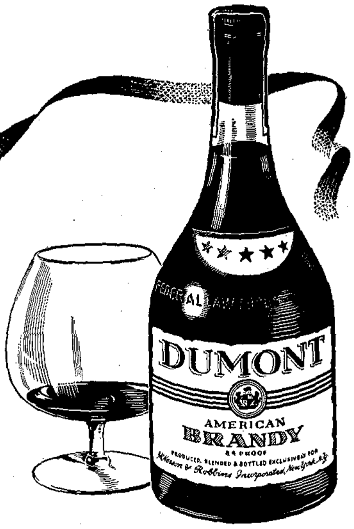
CATCHING up with the books on music that have been pouring in, I'd suggest you acquire the late Rosa Newmarch's "The Music of Czechoslovakia," a thorough and interesting account of a great deal of fine music much of which hasn't yet been heard here. It is the last book of a writer who contributed many valuable works to the literature of music, and it is one of the best of her volumes. . . . Sigmund Spaeth's "A Guide to Great Orchestral Music" deals concisely with hundreds of compositions, providing copious quotations of themes and some biographical material to round out the survey. It's very easy reading.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Pour that cup of rationed coffee in a crisp morning frock and see if it doesn't taste better to you and to the fellow who's off to work overtime.—*Los Angeles Times.*

We'll take ours the old way, dear.



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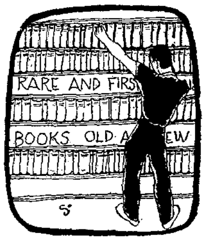
BOOKS

There Are No Nazis



ADD Dr. Richard M. Brickner's "Is Germany Incurable?" to the growing body of evidence that it is as correct for us to say that we are fighting the "Nazis" as it is for the Germans to say that they are fighting the Democratic Party.

Dr. Brickner is a recognized neuropsychiatrist. His book contains introductions by a famous anthropologist, Dr. Margaret Mead, and by a psychiatrist colleague, Dr. Edward A. Strecker. Dr. Strecker's judgment: "Dr. Brickner has marshalled his premises carefully and thoroughly, and his conclusion is a reasonable one."

The author believes that the German problem, while complicated by economic and historical factors, is basically mental. His central contention is that, during the last two hundred years, the paranoid elements in the German population have increasingly dominated the non-paranoid elements until a condition (Nazism) has been reached in which the great majority of Germans are, from the point of view of the psychiatrist, homicidally insane. Dr. Brickner has no hatred for the Germans; he writes about them quite passionlessly, as if they were potential candidates for his consulting room.

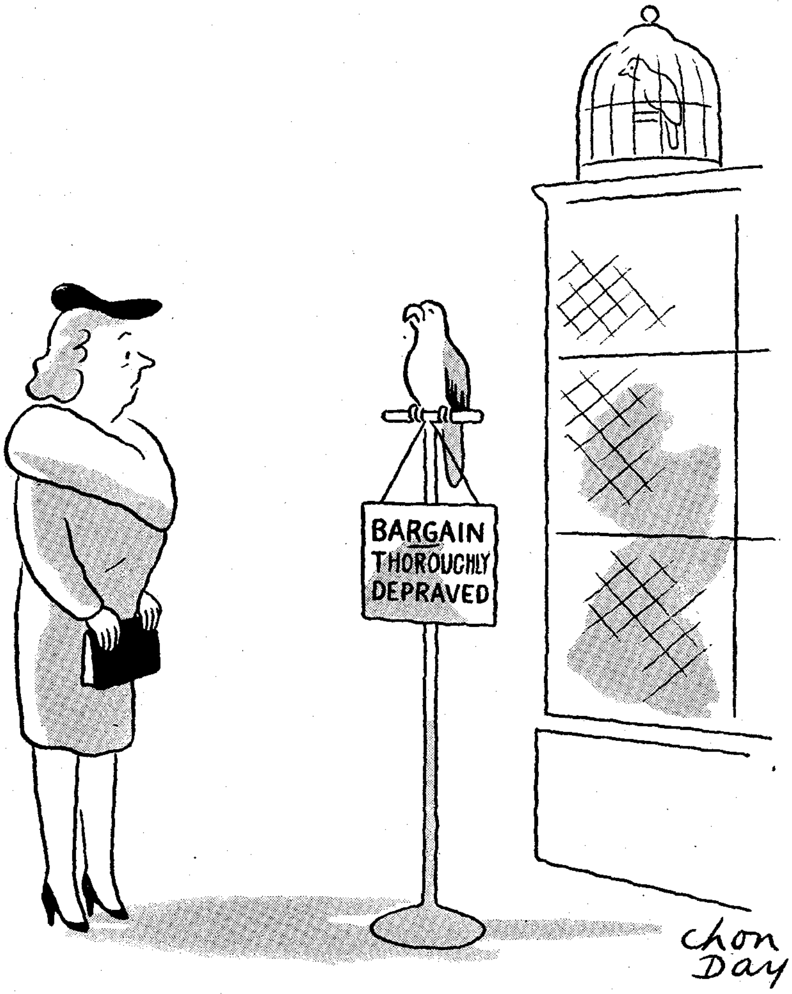
The first part of his sober, determinedly objective book describes, drawing on interesting case histories, the paranoid type in general. The paranoid's symptoms are: (1) the need to dominate; (2) suspiciousness; that is, the persecution complex; (3) megalomania; (4) retrospective falsification, an inability to see his past conduct except as completely justifiable; (5) accusing others of what he wants to do himself. The paranoid, granted his mad premises, thinks with impeccable logic and with far greater ingenuity, energy, and persistence than the non-paranoid. His paranoia, if not checked or cured, almost always leads in the direction of murder. He is unappeasable and ordinary logic has no effect on him. You cannot "play fair" with or be "just" to the paranoid, because all just or fair actions are interpreted by him as weakness on the part of his persecutor.

A paranoid who has what is known as a "clear" or non-paranoid area in his thinking can be influenced by proper psychiatric techniques and, after a generally lengthy course of treatment, often be cured or at least rendered harmless. Many, however, resist treatment. The asylums and jails are full of them, and the lethal chamber is the last home of some.

Paranoids are found in almost all societies. We have paranoid foci of infection in our own country—the Ku Klux Klan and similar groups. In Germany, Dr. Brickner believes, paranoids dominate the population and have been travelling for many generations on an upward curve. His demonstration of this mass psychosis is by no means complete (the book runs to only around three hundred pages) but is sufficiently suggestive to warrant the attention of those few postwar planners who think that the best way to solve the German problem is to allow Germany to rule western Europe.

Dr. Brickner traces the growth of paranoia in the Reich by various means. He quotes the public utterances of Germany's key political figures long before the "Nazis" appeared. He describes the German family, religious, and social setup. He quotes neutral observers. He offers a running analysis of German history of the past hundred and fifty years. He interprets, always from the psychiatric point of view, the German war and race cults, the German concept of the rôle of women, and the national acceptance of sadism as a legitimate pleasure. He comments on what he terms the "paranoid international," which includes the Japanese and lunatic fringes among other peoples.

The author believes that there are three methods of dealing with the Germans. The first is the Versailles method. This helped to produce what he calls the Second Paranoid War and, if re-attempted, will produce the Third Paranoid War. The second method is that which Cato sold to the Romans and which resulted in the complete annihilation of Carthage. He thinks our emotional bent precludes the use of this method, but has nothing to say about the emotional bent of the Poles, Czechs, Hollanders, and so on. The third meth-



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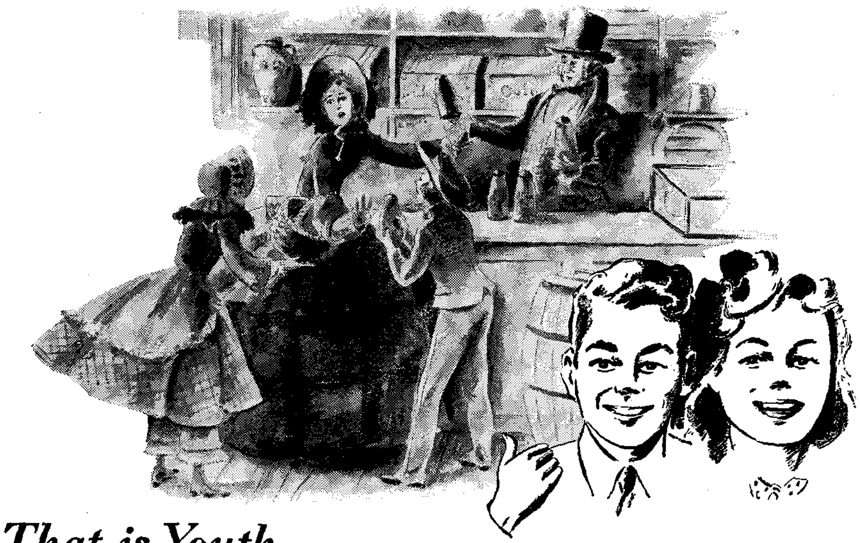

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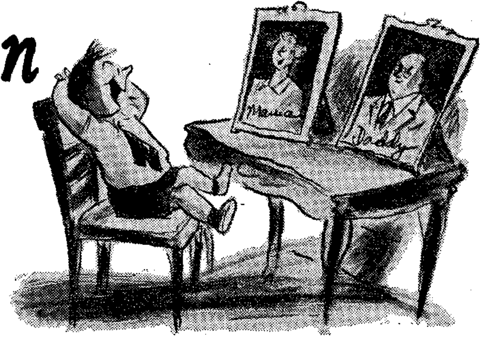

A bachelor's advice to children

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od is "behavioral," a kind of mass psychiatric therapy, based on using the "clear" groups that certainly exist in Germany even now as a lever with which to raise the others out of their paranoid torture cellar. From Dr. Brickner's standpoint, a purely military victory will solve nothing, nor will an internal German revolution.

A POWERFUL new writer has emerged from the Northern Territory of Australia, about half a million square miles of land of which I knew exactly nothing before reading Xavier Herbert's "Capricornia." Mr. Herbert, whose biography is as violent and packed with contrasts as the country of which he writes, has been praised by H. G. Wells and Carl Van Doren, who contributes an introduction. Mr. Herbert's voice is vigorous, reckless, and impolite. It will be heard.

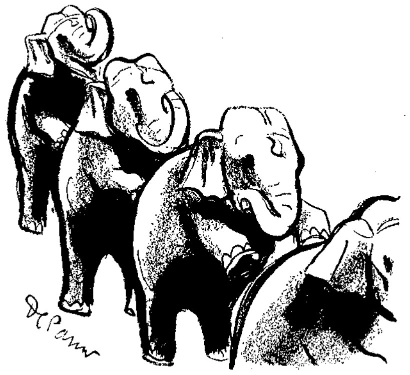
"Capricornia" has a dozen themes and around a hundred characters. It sprawls over a considerable stretch of time (about 1885 to about 1925) and over an enormous range of country. Its author has only a rudimentary sense of plot, very little sense of selection, and no notion of when he has finished making his point. For all this, "Capricornia" is one of the most powerful novels I have read in the last couple of years, though there are dull stretches.

The characters and scenes of "Capricornia" are not too dissimilar to those we are accustomed to in the stories of our own pioneer West. However, its basic theme, miscegenation, though a minor one in our literature, bulks large in the history of the Northern Territory. "Capricornia" is a violent, bloody, raucous, episodic tale which revolves around the simple fact that the white settlers find the aborigine girls (they're called lubras) both more accessible and more attractive than ladies of their own color. The delineation of the half-caste system that results is Mr. Herbert's main object. Mr. Herbert, who has had experience as an Australian government official something like our own Indian agents and has seen the problem at first-hand, is quite frankly a defender of the aborigines (there are no "backward races," as Mr. Wells reminded us recently) and is all for a sensible and reasonable view of miscegenation. His book has doubtless offended British colonial officialdom, about which he is merciless, and will doubtless offend many here.

The impression one gets from this book is of a new country, tormented by flood and drought, but miraculously vigorous and healthy. This Australia is very different from the softer Australia of the south, with its great cities, its twentieth-century life, its shrewd politics, and its generally megalopolitan viewpoint. Mr. Herbert's Australia is violent, raw, and unfinished. Almost anything may come of it. Its people have just begun to feel their identity. It is like our West of the mid-nineteenth century, and it may develop as quickly and significantly.

I PROPOSE Howard Fast as one of America's most important historical novelists. For one thing, he is almost alone in his ability to relate a historical narrative in around three hundred pages, so reading him amounts to something less than a lifework. More weighty, however, is the fact that he always penetrates to the heart of our history. His interest lies in the projection of meaningful men involved in a meaningful situation. His mind has a clarity which is almost cold at times and never charming. You cannot go to him for the warm details of historical costume, slang, or local and temporal color. He values intelligence above the picturesque. Perhaps he will never be overwhelmingly popular.

His new book, "Citizen Tom Paine," novelizes the miserable, glorious life of the first American to understand that our Revolution was a small part of a continuing process of which the present war is but another part. Tom Paine wrote "Common Sense," the few thousand words that were needed to make us a nation. He painfully scribbled those ringing paragraphs of "The Crisis" which steeled the souls of the weak and discouraged Revolutionary army. He failed in England and in France, during the French Revolution, to ignite the same purifying fire that he had helped to kindle in the United States. He died in disgrace and despair, rejected by the new country he had helped to forge, and to this day it is not sufficiently realized that the faith and works of this neurotic, drunken, obstinate patriot entitle him



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to a place in our affections not too far below that of Thomas Jefferson.

The first sections of Mr. Fast's novel, describing Paine's life in England, are unskillful and obscure, but the author hits his stride when 1775 is reached, and from that point the story runs on a consistently high level. Paine appears as a fool on occasion, a weakling on occasion, a bad politician always, but also as one of the few men of his time (Franklin was another) who understood the Revolution, who understood "the inevitability of America" (Mr. Fast's phrase), who understood that the thirteen quarrelsome, jealous colonies bore within them the seeds of a new world.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TUCKER'S PEOPLE, by Ira Wolfert. A remarkable first novel about the numbers racket in New York, by the author of "Battle of the Solomons." Mr. Wolfert is no stylist. He labors his points and rides his thesis much too hard on occasion, but he does show us, under the melodrama, the real complexity of the things that make his people tick, and there aren't many writers who can handle the common New York speech so convincingly.

FIRST HARVEST, by Vladimir Pozner, translated from the French by Haakon Chevalier. A deserting German soldier is accidentally drowned near a French village on the Channel coast and in a characteristic reprisal the Nazis arrest ten hostages. Well-written, capably engineered novel by the author of "The Edge of the Sword," but the theme, the people, and the treatment are the sort that is beginning to appear standardized. The author leans so far backward to make his Nazis believable that they end up by sounding almost sentimentalized, if that's possible.

GEORGIA BOY, by Erskine Caldwell. Not a novel, but fourteen stories about the same people, a kind of small-town Georgia "Life with Father," granted that you can imagine the elder Day making love to a gypsy queen in the woodshed. Mr. Caldwell has a way of kicking a comic situation around until it turns into wild burlesque. With cruel or pathetic variations, he pulls it off a half-dozen times here, but it does get automatic in the end.

THE REGULATORS, by William Degenhard. Young Warren Hascott, toughened by a session in the Algerian galleys, joins up with Daniel Shays and his Regulators in the Shays' Rebellion of 1786 against the Tories, meantime hesitating between the Tory Judith Burdick and a handsome Yankee firebrand, Beulah Crane. A cut above the usual historical novels, though perhaps not so active as some.

GENERAL

TREES AND TEST TUBES, by Charles Morrow Wilson. Just about all the whys and wherefores of rubber: some history, the record of Brazil and the East Indies, experiments with the Cryptostegia plant, alcohol and petroleum synthetics, our military needs, and what the prospects are. Not too promising, says the author; we aren't likely to have enough rubber before 1945, and probably we won't have it even then. A capable and readable survey. Photographs.

THE HERO IN HISTORY, by Sidney Hook. Dividing his great men into those who are more or less "creatures of events" and the more positive "event-making men," the author sets out to inquire just how much weight the "heroes"—philosophical, scientific, social, and political—have pulled in the making of history. More than the Marxists think, he answers, though less than the Carlyleans imagine. An interesting study and a good corrective to the various single-stress theories of history.

THE MACHIAVELLIANS, by James Burnham. The author of "The Managerial Revolution," which came close to ignoring the leverage of politics on economic control, swings over to the other extreme in this study of Machiavelli and such "modern Machiavellians" as Mosca, Sorel, Michels, and Pareto. Worth reading, if only for the occasional pleasure of disagreement.

YOUNG LADY RANDOLPH, by René Kraus. Lively biography of Winston Churchill's American mother, born Jeanette Jerome of New York: the Civil War, postwar Newport, Paris in 1870, late-Victorian and Edwardian England, and famous names. Includes some revealing glimpses of Mr. Churchill's boyhood. Photographs.

AFRICA, by Albert Q. Maisel. Useful, up-to-date handbook of African affairs. Comprises a résumé of the various campaigns in this war, a discussion of Africa as the first testing ground for the principles of the United Nations Charter, and a short social

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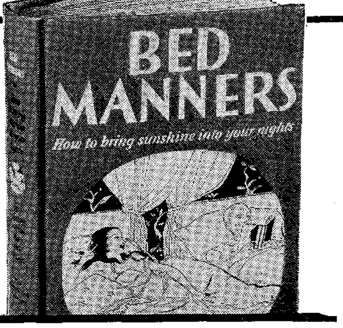
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THIS WAS NEW YORK, by Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal. New York in 1789, one of the city's vintage years, what with the departure of the British, the revival of trade and fashion, and Washington's inauguration as our first President. A lively chronicle. Illustrations to match.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME, by Craig Rice. Young Dennis Morrison, suffering from a hangover, is told by the police that a lady they've found with her head cut off is Mrs. Morrison. They are wrong, but she is nevertheless missing. Jake Justus, his wife, Helene, and their old friend John J. Malone are on hand to see Mr. Morrison through the tough spots. Miss Rice at her best, writing about her three favorite characters against a delirious New York background.

AIRING IN A CLOSED CARRIAGE, by Joseph Shearing. The famous Maybrick case of 1889 is the basis for this superb new novel. Mr. Shearing has used the theme, the central characters, actual incidents, some parts of the speeches made by the lawyers and the judge, and has worked out his own psychological deductions. It is a grim story of the events leading to the conviction of a foolish woman who was arrested for the murder of her husband and tried by a prejudiced jury and pilloried by a biassed press. This story of stupidity and malice in the English manufacturing town of Manchester is frightening, and the author has had the good taste to omit unwelcome touches of lightness and humor. Mrs. Maybrick's case was a shocking one, and Mr. Shearing pursues it relentlessly.

•

No steel engraving or stuffed owl was the Jefferson who sat upon the lawn at Monticello with the Baroness de Riedesel, the amazing wife of a German war prisoner in a nearby camp, who thundered up the hill astride a horse in breeches to the horror of the community . . . —*The Times Magazine.*

And the discomfiture of the horse.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel-Star]

She was leaving California shortly for her home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. And, like her son, Beardsley, the author of the "pay-as-you-go" plan, Mrs. Ruml is thirty.

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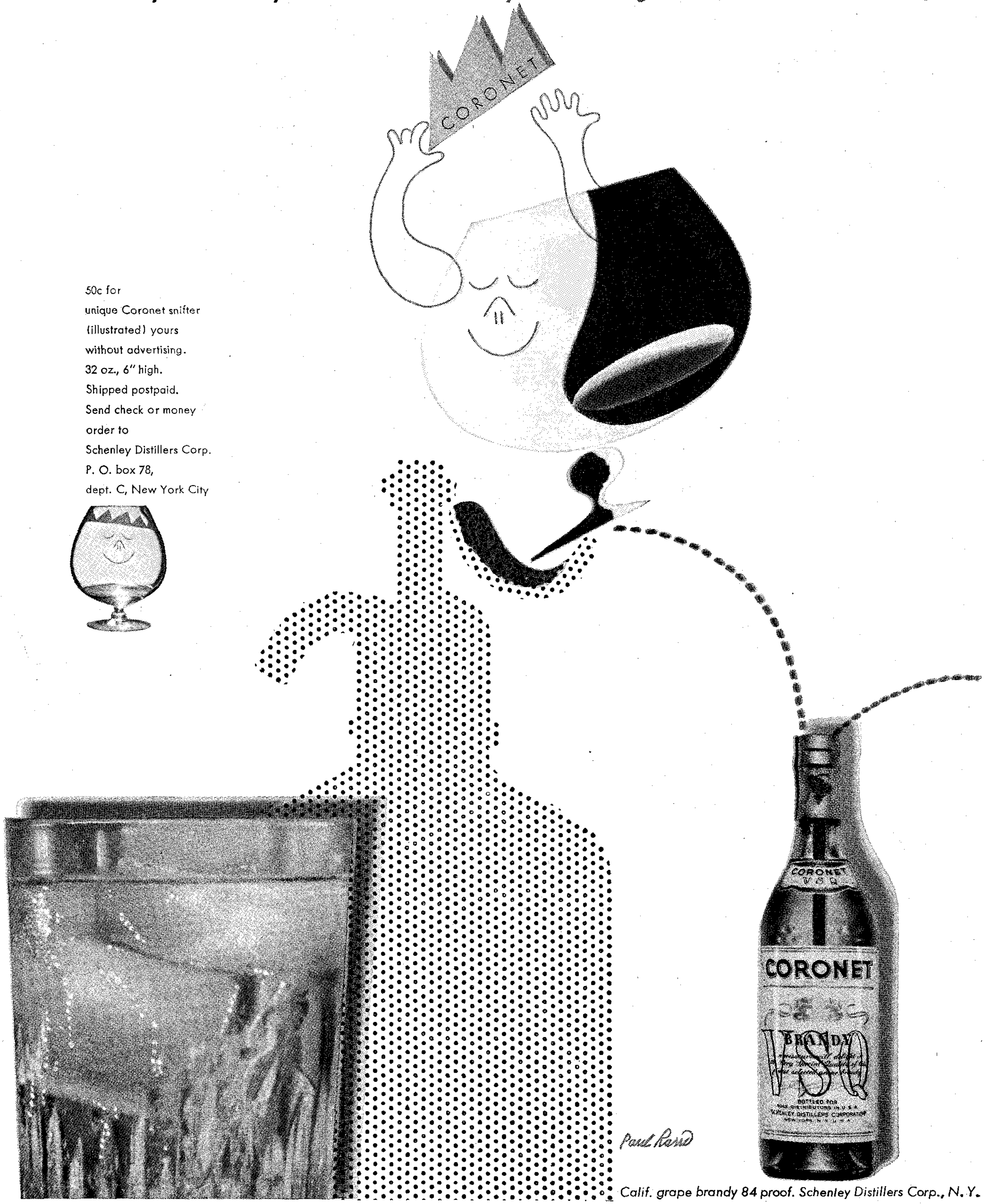

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